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Spring Brook

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

BY GEORGE W. GILLESPIE.

Go, tiny scraps, your fortune try!
Go, sink or swim, or fall or fly!
Resign the stocks, bold quit the brink,
I launch you on the sea of ink.

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INTRODUCTION.

THE following miscellaneous trifles, composed at various times, and under different circumstances, are, by the author, most respectfully submitted to the perusal of the public, not without considerable misgiving on his part with regard to their meeting a favourable reception, being apprehensive that these (for the most part) spontaneous effusions may prove to many not sufficiently interesting, and the dialect in which a number of the pieces is composed seem in a great measure unintelligible; by his Scottish readers this latter impediment will, he flatters himself, be surmounted, and higher will prove his gratification should an occasional thought or expression excite a smile or recal forgotten incidents and by-gone scenes, in connection with the land of their nativity.

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ERRATA.

Page 9, line 33, for *blythe* read blithe.
" 24, verse 8, line 7, for *tower* read towers.
" 40, line 6, for *gloom* read glum.
" 46, verse 10, line 3, for *Albion* read Albin.
" 53, verse 4, line 1, for *born* read borne.
" 54, verse 6, for *Navarino's* read Jean D'Acre's.
" 94, verse 3, line 9, for *Can yields* read yields.
" 56, verse 8, line 4, for *rout* read route.
" 27, Note, line 3, for *theirs* read with.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

LINES ON CANADA.

Yes ! lovely the land of the poplar and pine,
Where the maple trees flourish, and wild shoots the vine :
Where the sun-flower prolific is every where seen,
The holy-hock, shumac, and bright scarlet-bean.
Oh ! rich is the foliage the woods that array,
And charming the plumage their inmates display,
That sweet little wanderer, the humming-bird bright,
Here to flaunt in the sun's fervid beam takes delight ;
His home for a period he makes of these bowers,
Fond sipping the fragrance and sweets of the flowers.
How charmed in the silence of noon I have strayed,
And the woodpecker's beautiful plumage surveyed ;
Whil'st Echo his strokes through the woods made resound,
And the chipmunk familiar, frisk'd playful around,
While the walnuts prolific, adorning the trees,
Ripe, rapped to the ground at the kiss of each breeze :
And, oh ! what for grandeur in season may vie
With the beautiful tints of a Canada sky.
Italia ! they tell us, so lauded by Fame,
In the lays of the poets, can put in her claim ;
The hues of Aurora, the clear sky of noon,
The shades of the evening, and then when the moon

Majestical mounts from the verge of the lake,
And the bright constellations all splendid awake:
With the serpentine form of the near milky way,
The mind may retain, but no words can convey,
More varied than hues of the forests are seen,
More sweet than the flowers that enamel the green:
The fair Upper Canada proudly may boast
From Scotia, from Erin, and Anglian coast.

How blest were this land would dissensions all cease,
And again come with smiles the sweet cherub of peace:
The strokes of the woodman, as wont, blythe resound
To the plough-boy's gay whistle, while tilling the ground;
The tears of the matron be dried, I've seen flow,
Bereft of her mate, or her sons plunged in woe.
Hence! hateful rebellion, and dire civil war,
Heaven hold from this Province your horrors afar!

EPISTLE TO JAMES K——, Esq., AULD REEKIE.

Far frae the mountains o' the north,
And pleasant plains besouth the Forth,
And fair Edina town;
On cauld Ontario's icy shore,
Not far frae Niagara's roar,
I musing sit me down
Beside the stove wi' faggots filled,
That lends a cozy heat;
To icicles amaist we're chilled,
Withouten sic a beet.

Lips quivering, and shivering
'Mid thir keen blasts sae snell,
Nane Scotland or England
Experience half sae fell.

Yet heartsome here the cloudless sky,
And brighter Phœbus beams frae high
Full on the crisping snaw;
And what I deemed aye winter's bane,
I weel may say we here hae nane,—
Nae drouking, blashy thaw.
While glibly o'er the level plain
The sleighers fleetly glide,
Wi' jingling bells their steeds fu' fain
Scour on wi birr and pride.
Sic tingling and jingling
At ilka step we meet:
Sae sprightly and sightly,
To tent them is a treat.

The Scottish mountains sair we miss
Their towering peaks the clouds that kiss,
And distant risings blue;
The undulations o' her hills,
Her red-wud linns and murmuring rills,
Scenes here we seldom view.
The mavis' and the blackbird's sang
At morn and e'en sae sweet,
Our natal shaws and woods amang,
We lang in vain to greet.
Though bonny as ony
The flutterers be on wing,
They are hummies and dummies,
Some chirp but downa sing.

Led by vicissitudes o' fate
Athwart the braid Atlantic great
Here is mony a Scottish chiel
Weel formed to turn the teeming soil,
And lay about him at his moil
In hopes o' doin' weel.
Mang sic as these at e'ening hour
'Tis aft my lot to meet;
The fuffing cutty gangs like stour,
While cracks the lang hours cheat.
Some fretting, regretting
That e'er they crossed the brine;
Some canty and vaunty,
Deem the transition fine.

I've heard Niagara's roaring din,
That far-famed and tremendous linn,
And marked it wi' amaze;
I hae seen Lake Erie's waters sweep
Wild thundering o'er that awsome steep,
Then tower in smoke and haze;
And eyed the rainbow's varied hue
Depicted on the same,—
A prospect that outpeers ilk view
To which I can lay claim.
Sae splendid, extended
Aboon the dinsome roar;
Confounding, astounding
The view frae shore to shore.

Ontario sailed 'maist end frae end,
And thrice across its breast did bend
And trod the ither stran';

Lake Erie too, baith up and down,
Frae Buffalo to Detroit town,
In bounds o' Michigan;
And trudged the shores o' lone St. Clair,
By day and dreary night,
And maist into a slush did lair,—
I gat an unco fright.
Whilst budging and trudging
Tall trees and brushwood past,
Benighted, whiles frighted
Some bear wad grip me fast.

Niagara is a heartsome spot,
Its teeming orchards fair, I wot
Are pleasing to the view;
The landscape yields baith hill and dale,
And prospects too, the pick and wale,
In mony a charming hue;
While daintily the peaches hang
Frae mony a bending bough,
And gar the wending traveller lang
To gust wi' them his mou'.
Whilst rustling and justling
To breezes saft that blaw,
Aft rapping and papping,
Swith to the swaird they fa'.

On Queenston Heights whar valor bled,
Towers a memorial of the dead,
Placed on a chosen site;
For Brock the grateful tribute stands,
And a most splendid view commands
O'er river, lake, and height.

And while the lofty structure towers
Aboon the expansive scene,
Ilk British e'e that on it glowrs,
Shall tent the time that's been.
Whan battle's loud rattle
'Mid those fair scenes did swell;
Whar glorious, victorious,
Brave Brock unsullied fell.

While memory lives, I'll never tine
The hours I passed wi' thee and thine,
Within your kindly ha',
Whar hospitality prevailed;
Wi' lear, the mind was too regaled,—
These times hae passed awa'.
Whan tales and sangs as auld's the hills,
Awoke our souls to cheer,
The airs, wi' a' their shakes and trills,
Methinks e'en now I hear.
Wi' cracking and knacking,
The Strasburg aft we'd pree;
Nae rising, devising
Till morn aft made us jee.

How do you fend? how do you fare?
Sae are you Fortune's sport or care?
Gaun back, or forward driving?
Does Mammon use you ill or weel?
Is Tibbie soothing, kind, and leal,
And a' things round you thriving?
Now my epistle I maun close;
You'll aiblins deem it lang.
O' rhyming gear an unco doze,
Mair feckless than it's strang.

May sever, e'en never,
Guid feeling 'tween us twa;
Adieu, then, the now then,
Ilk blessing be your fa'.

THE EMIGRANT'S RETURN FROM THE WEST INDIES.

He sought again his dear loved land,
Now thirty years had past
Since he had found a foreign shore,
And viewed his native last.
He conjured up each feeling
That played around his heart,
When the sea-breeze swelled his far-bound sail,
And he saw his hills depart.

Light seemed the toils and troubles
Through life he had sustained,
To win that worldly competence
His industry had gained.
Long-cherished hopes seemed gratified
When he trod his native soil;
Light beat the wanderer's bosom,—
Seemed recompensed each toil.

At length his well-known village spire
Peeped o'er the aged trees,
And played fresh on his sun-burnt cheek,
His long-lost natal breeze.

He heard the stream's low murmur
As it wimpled on its way,
And saw the flat and grassy dell,
Where his school-peers wont to play.

The mill, whose clack broke silence
In the sultry noon-tide hour,
The grey old feudal castle,
And the yet more ancient tower;
And the tear-drop started in his eye,
While wrapt in thought he stood;
Whilst he felt the warm and ardent glow
Of his early youth renewed.

With eager steps he sought the cot
That reared his childhood gay;
But found, his father's home the tide
Of Time had swept away.
He asked of stranger faces,
How former friends did fare?
And heard of groups dispersed and dead,
Oft blithe assembled there.

The rising generation
With time had altered place,
And few the homes new tenanted,
Of dear ones could he trace.
He sought the churchyard's lonely mound,
While his heart grew faint and sore;
And he shed the tears of sorrow sad,
Amid griefs unfelt before.

LINES ON THE PRESIDENT STEAM-SHIP.

Oh gaily stept the voyagers, that goodly ship on board,
Her ample hold with merchandize of many lands was stored,
Her gallant streamers wantonly unto the breezes played,
And splendidly the Union Jack her lofty peak arrayed,
Brave, able, active were the crew, that tripped the shaven deck;
They knew no fear of tempest shock, of sunken shoals or wreck,
But merrily their levers plied, and tugged the capstan round,
That loosed their ponderous anchor's hold, and to the cat-head wound,
They gave her powerful engines play, the lofty sails unfurl'd,
Puissant sped that gallant ship towards the watery world,
While hundreds on the strand beheld her course devoid of fears,
Long after distance quash'd the din, of given and answering cheers,
The western world behind her, the ocean wide before,
While hoary spray high rose, and fell, dash'd from the thundering prore,
With speed like to the eagle's flight, away the good ship flew,
Till far beneath the horizon she sunk to every view,
Is there a mind that ever scann'd the chances of the seas,
Is there a heart that ever felt for human miseries;
For such a mind, for such a heart, to think and feel, there's scope;
Heaven check thy sway, Despondency, nor quench the spark of Hope,
Oh! many a mother's bosom yearns, surcharged with crowding fears,
And many a tender maiden's eyes the pillow bathes with tears,
Fond mothers who have sons on board are doubtful of the deep,
And maidens for their sires, and loves, with fears foreboding weep,

Too long they stay, old sailors say, who watch the coming sail,
Storms rage at sea, and Mystery has spread her dubious veil.
Alas! what fate that stately ship with all on board befell,
As chaos dark remains, and will, till Heaven and Time shall tell.

ADVICE TO A FRIEND.

—

For me, I haud them a' as sots,
Wanwordie o' the name o' Scots,
E'en spurious gets frae frem't folk sprung,
Wha flout their guid auld mither tongue.

—

You ask frae me a verse or twa,
And my remissness sair misca',
Sae I the pen shall forthwith draw,
Yea, in a trice,
And gie you what besuits us a'—
A guid advice.

Advice, I ken, is aft ill ta'en;
A Sage has said 'tis lo'ed by nane,
But you, I trust, will still be ane,
To tak' it kind;
However harshly flows the strain,
'Tis weel design'd.

Frae Barleycorn haste turn aside,
His vile potations downa bide,
In time they stifle honest pride,
Playing mony a plisky,

Swelling misfortune's waefu' tide—
Accursed Whisky,

Adown that tide you are floating fast,
'Tis whisky works your kittle cast,
Withouten rudder, sail, or mast,
That I can see,
The sport o' ilka wave and blast,
O'hon! wae's me!

Yet a' wha guid advice do gie,
Sair grieved at heart your case to see,
You at them like a scorpion flee,
Wi' bitter fang,
And swear maliciously they lie,
To do you wrang.

Whan rhee's a howlet twined o' mirk,
Wha mint your case you draw your dirk,
To drive them aff to jinglekirk,
Wi' fleesome blatter,
I'd count mysel' a perfect stirk
To wince the matter.

In drink you wax mislear and rude,
It fires the brain and files your bluid,
And puts you aft in evil mood;
Deforms your looks,
And paints the face, be't understood,
Wi' scores o' plooks.

Besides, it lairns the tongue to lie,
And haiver nonsense fluently,
While awsome aiths at random flee,—
A sin and shame;

It links your life wi' poverty,
And soils your name.

What's mair, by leading sic a life,
You'll ne'er obtain a godly wife;
For wha wad woo domestic strife
Wi' open e'en?
Atween the space o' this and Fife,
There's few I ween.

Yon decent, douce, judicious men,
Wha your backslidings weel did ken,
Wi' righteous zeal their aid did len
To haud you right;
Trying proper ways to thrust you ben
Wi' a' their might.

For them, right grievous 'twas to see
Your mind ta'en up wi' thinking free,
And banding wi' sic company,—
Unhallowed scoffers;
In future frae sic gentry flee,—
Wild, wairdless loafers.

Quote not, as you hae done to me,
Rob Burns' praise o' barley bree;
Nae mair as wont the potion pree,
Till lispin', winkin',
Bang to your feet, and turn wi glee
The corner, jinkin'.

Disdain the silly vice o' lie'n,
Unworthy of a human bein';
Ane after ane they're aye misgien'
Your whids uncouth,—

Aye haud in mind the Power all-seein'
Delights in truth.

Your voice, oh! never, never raise
Against that class sae dear to praise;
Whose aim's to lessen human waes,
And heeze sobriety;—
Ne'er scout these words 'mang friends or faes—
"Temperance Society."

For this ca' not the adviser loon,
Nor raise a loud obstreperous croon;
Sup you the bree, nor heed the spoon,
'Tis wholesome fare;
Be sober, and you'll rise aboon
Ilk warldly care.

TO THE SAME.

Whar wend you now you weary wight?
Since you hae ta'en frae hence the flight,
Judicious men sad mourn your plight,
And drap a tear;
That you hae ta'en the road that's right,
They muckle fear.

Attracted by the wonted smell
O' some confounded whisky stell,
Placed on the hatefu' road to h——,
And a' that's evil;
They fear you've in the clutches fell,
Still o' the d——l.

Infatuated, headstrong wight,
Disdaining every lesson right,
Plying the caup frae morn to night
Withouten stand;
Sinning as 'twere, wi' a' your might,
Wi' a high hand.

Your life began in Virtue's school;
You were inured to live by rule;
Nature upon you stamp'd not fool,—
Then pause and think;
You choose obloquy, want and dool,
For love of drink.

You boast of feeling; have you tears?
Look round and shed them o'er your peers,
Who in the lapse of a few years
Vile drink's laid low;
And on their path who perseveres,
Must likewise go.

Duty imperative commands
Means must be used, to break the bands
That haud as 'twere in thrawl your hands,
And doit your head;
Or ne'er frae skaith, while drib life's sands,
Will you be freed.

Aft haud in mind the pledge you took;
And gravely musing on it look;
Conning at times tea-totallers' book
In humble guise;
See there how mony drink's forsook,—
Think, and be wise.

Self-confidence make not my charge;
Say not I stand yet on the verge,
And jimply frae the mist emerge
O' like transgression;
'Tis for your guid I thus enlarge
In zealous passion.

TO THE SAME.

Yon decent, douce, leal, honest men,
Their helping aid in vain did len';
Trying godly gates to thrust you ben
Wi' little din;
Their saws you laugh to scorn, you ken,
The mair your sin.

They've done, I wot, a' that they can,
To mak' you a leal, honest man,—
To pigs and whistles 'sgane their plan,
For a' their fash;
Still thou wilt be wi' temper thrawn,
A drucken hash!

To turn the corner jinkin' right,
You took your feet, your mouth did dight,
And effort made wi' a' your might
To flee like wud;
Yet on your hurdies soss did light
Wi' waefu thud.

At guid advice you toss your head,
Or straight engage in deadly fied ;
You hae by heart the drunkard's creed,
His reel and wizzen ;
Withhaud the joot, insooth I'm fleed
Your wame wad gizzen.

In mulish mood then tak' your will,
And toom as wont your darling gill ;
Smell sax miles aff a horn o' yill
Wi' terrier keenness ;
Boast honor, morals, temperance still,—
Enjoy your meanness.

In short, jog on your wonted pace,
Wi' plooky nose and lowing face,
That on your path you'll kep disgrace,
You needna doubt it ;
You prove at best a hopeless case,—
Nae mair about it !

COMAL, GORMAL AND GALVINA.*

The son of Albion Comal was,
Chief of an hundred hills ;
His plenteous deer to quench their thirst,
Drank of a thousand rills.

A thousand rocks sung to his dogs,
Their barkings fierce resound ;

* Paraphrased from Ossian.

While to the chase exultingly
They fleetly stretch and bound.

His face possess'd the smiles of youth,
In war wide went his fame;
One was his love, and fair was she,—
Galvina was her name.

The mighty Conloch's daughter, who
Of virgin's seemed most fair;
Bright as when on the mountain's side
Shewed morning's sunny glare.

Her hair was like the raven's wing,
Heaven's smiles adorned her face,
Her bow-string sounded on the winds,
Her dogs were taught the chase.

Her heart was fixed on Comal, brave;
Oft met their eyes of love;
Oft in the chase their course was one,
When sweet their words would prove.

But gloomy Ardven's chief beheld,
And made the maid his care;
Stern Gormal, hapless Comal's foe,
In secret loved the fair.

Tired of the chase, one day they met
In Ronan's cave unseen,
While shrouding mists their friends conceal'd,
The chase still following keen.

That cave was Comal's wonted haunt,
Its sides with arms were hung;

An hundred shields of thongs shew'd round,
Helms, spears, with bows unstrung.

"Rest here," he said, "Galvina rest,
Of Ronan's cave the light,
Till yonder deer to thee I bring,
That shews on Mora's height."

"Galvina, rest thee here the while
Short time from hence I go;"
"Dark Gormal's steps I fear," she said,
"Lest hither comes thy foe."

He went to follow Mora's deer,
She longed to try his love;
Straight clothed her sides in armour bright,
Intent the same to prove.

He deemed it was his foe drew near;
His haughty heart beat high,
His colour changed, red anger burned,
And darkness dimmed his eye.

He drew his bow, the arrow flew,
Galvina pressed the plain;
With wildness in his steps he ran
And called her name in vain.

No answer from the lonely rock,—
"Oh! whence my love?" he cried;
He saw at length her heaving breast,—
The dying maid descried.

"Oh! Conloch's daughter, is it thou?"
He called, with grief opprest;

Then overcome with pangs of woe,
Sunk senseless on her breast.

The hunters found the hapless pair;
He lived, and walked the hill,
But many were his silent steps
Round her dark dwelling still.

The fleet of ocean came—he fought—
Before him strangers fled;
He sought for death along the field,
But who could lay him dead?

He threw away his dark-brown shield,
An arrow found his breast;
He sleeps beside the sounding surge,
Calm, with the maid his rest.

Their green tombs to the mariner
Still shew conspicuous forth;
While in his reeling bark he bounds
O'er billows of the north.

VERSES.

Fair city of proud palaces,
Thou modern Athens named;
For arts and liberality,
Throughout the wide world famed.*

* Thy sons, Edina, social, kind,
With open arms the stranger hail;
Their views enlarged, their's liberal mind,
Above the narrow rural vale.—Burns.

Still memory marks that parting night,
When from the wavy brine
We saw thy towers in distance fade,
And all thy lights decline.

Next morn, the sun in splendour rose,
Enlivening land and sea,
Our matin thoughts, our earliest gaze,
Still fondly turn'd to thee;
But thou wert gone yet to our view,
Far in the nether sky,
Tower'd o'er thy fanes and structures vast,
Thy landmark mountain high.

Whose lofty pinnacle full oft
In former hours we trod,
To eye the beauteous map beneath,
Expansive spread abroad.
Rich was the scene when evening's tinge
The western highlands tipp'd
Beneath the mountain's verge, ere yet
The orb of day had dipp'd,

When Autumn's ripe and mellowing hues
The fields and woodlands crown'd,
And scatter'd towns and villages
Adorn'd the landscape round;
Thence far beneath our lofty site
Shew'd turrets, spire, and dome;
And Holyrood's vast palace fair,
Famed Scotia's royal home

Ye charming banks of Esk, adieu,
Where Roslin's ruins peer;

And Hawthornden, the Muse's haunt,
Romantic seated near ;—
Where massy rock and tangling woods
O'erhang the dimpling stream
So wildly sweet, the whole appears
The semblance of a dream

Proud land of song, a long farewell,
With all thy varied charms,
Full oft in memory's musing mood
To thee my bosom warms,—
Full oft the scenes that grace the Forth,
In grand perspective rise,
With far Benleddi's tapering form
Commingled with the skies.

Oft when the moon's unclouded beams
Fall lustrous on the lake,
And glittering roofs and pointed spires
Hues yet more silvery take,
Fond Fancy wings her boundless flight
Athwart the orient main,
Retracing scenes and by-gone hours
With interest again.

Loved scenes of early life, still oft
To musing moments dear,
On Memory's tablet deeply graved,
Though absent, ever near.
Oh, Scotia! what though mountains part,
And bars a boundless sea,
'Tis death alone can yield the wrench
That severs hearts from thee!

BALLAD.

THE HIGHLAND TARTAN PLAID.

AIR,—" For a' that."

The Highland Tartan Plaid sae leal,
And Bonnet blue, and a' that,
Was aye the last to quat the fiel',
Sae staunch and true and a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
Wi' sword, and targe, and a' that,
The mightiest foes in dool aft rued
Their feckfu' charge, for a' that.

In days o' yore, whan Fingal fought,
And Ossian sang, and a' that,
Whan Norsemen, fierce, their mountains sought,
They bade the bang for a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
Bauld Swaran's fleets, and a' that,
Were fain to mount the ocean wave
And prize retreat, for a' that,

The Romans wha the warld made cower,
And fealty swear, and a' that,
Our Celtic Sires defied their power,
And vexed them sair, for a' that,
For a' that, and a' that,
Agricola, and a' that,
They chased toward the south to rear
His barrier wa', for a' that.

In modern times the Tartan Plaid
Still stands renown'd, and a' that,
Whar war in direst form's display'd,
The weed is found, for a' that.
And a' that, and a' that,
Wi' laurels crown'd, and a' that,
And will, while Fame has pith and power,
His trump to sound, for a' that.

TO A CENSORIOUS FRIEND.

What ails you now, you claiverin goose,
To be sae gien to sair abuse;
Whar wons the profit, what the use—
The tale though true—
To blab and blaw 'mang friends sae crouse,
That I was fou?

I humbly own 'twas far frae right;
But if excuse has ony weight—
It was on Hogmanai—the night
Whan Scotchmen rant;
Whan you yoursel waxed wond'rous bright
For a' this cant.

You like a mavis sang wi' glee
Auld sangs composed ayont the sea;
And 'tween ilk pause the glass did pree
Wi' gleesome din,
And made the toasts whirl round right free.
Nor thought it sin.

Now this defect I mark in thee,—
Your neighbours' fauts you glegly see,
But tent your ain wi' blinked e'e,
And haud by ae thing—
What wrang in ithers seems to be,
In you is naething.

Sic selfish stuff I canna bide—
A neighbour's fauts you seldom hide—
Shaw you a breach, yet still mair wide
You strive to mak' it—
Sae frae the theme I turn aside,
Mishanter tak' it!

VERSES.

We will stand by our Country, we'll stand by our Queen;
As our Fathers have done when required;
Round the Union we'll rally with interest keen,
By duty and loyalty fired.

In vain disaffection, in vain discontent,
Dissension, and heartless mistrust;
The laws of our country require no comment,
Puissant, well-grounded and just.

Britannia's true sons from their country afar,
Will look to her interest elate,
And proudly they'll prove, amid peace or in war,
Sons worthy a parent so great.

EPISTLE TO ——.

I've claw'd my pow, yet claw'd in vain,
To stimulate my donart brain;
My pen thrown down, ta'en up again,
Some screed to write,
Address'd to thee my wordie M——,
Thou chosen sprite.

Weel are you versed in olden rhymes,
The pink and wale o' bygane times;
O' love or war, or waefu' crimes
Your memory hauds,
O' Brechin's feats in foreign climes,
An' sic like lads.

The crack atween the corbies twa,
The bardie heard ayont the wa',
That minted how the knight did fa'—
A waesome tale;
And how they mean'd to fill ilk maw,
And mak' regale.

Weel can you ape the dinsome squad
That roar through Glasgow streets like mad,
In literature neglected sad,
E'en strange probationers;
I mean ilk speechifying lad—
The flying stationers.

Wi' tales o' ghaists and brownies leal,
Wha nightly grund the miller's meal,

And loonder'd mony a lazy chiel,
    And help'd the howdie
To prosecute her labours weel,
    Nor sought their crowdie.

Warlocks on ragweed naigs that flee;
Witches on besom-shafts, wi' glee
Skimming the lifts right wickedly
    For some wierd spots,
To vex, perplex, and horrify
    Benighted sots.

Sad neerdoweels wha bide frae hame,
Filling wi' muddling gills the wame,
Lien' and haverin' 'thouten shame
    Or common sense;
While waukrife, weary weans and dame
    Sair ban their mense.

They unco tales that we've drunk in
By ingle cheek, wi' little din,
While gaucie wives wad sit and spin
    And gash repeat,
Renew those scenes to youth akin,
    And proves a treat.

While fortune's brae you've tried to speel,
You've housed in mony on unco biel,
And met wi' mony a curious chiel,
    And strange mishaps—
Wights, drucken loons as slid's the eel,
    And guid mess chaps.

Far frae the bonny banks o' Clyde,
And Cart, that rins by Paisley's side,

Athwart the vast Atlantic wide
Is now your fa',
Though in your breast doth still reside
Houfs far awa.

In Scotia now the blackbirds sing,
And mavis dear to smiling spring,
The laverocks soar as wont on wing
Young morn to greet,
And flowerets round their odours fling,
Rich, fragrant, sweet.

The garden-beds are dinked braw,
Their glossy leaves the bushes shaw,
While wastlin breezes saftly blaw
The fiords alang,
And vernal showers, mild, pattering fa'
The leaves amang.

The swelling hills that rise sae high—
Mountains that bore the nether sky,
Whase broken crags for hues may vie
Whan day sinks low,
Wi' ony views we can descry
In grandeur's glow.

These scenes strong mark'd on memory's page,
Do oft, I ken, your mind engage,
And mony a restive thought assuage,
Whan sair perplex'd
Wi' warldly cares, that e'en the sage
And wise hae vexed.

Still woo the Muses whan they come,
Though critic chiels may e'en look glum—
Just answer them wi' fee-fa-fum,
And o'er them blink;
Frae Helicon still tak you some
Inspiring drink.

Wi' mettle yet your bagpipe blaw,
E'en lilt the praise o' Canada,
Her fertile fields and biggins braw
Sae nobly rising,
Which mid her sair backslidings a'
Are e'en surprising.

Wile spunky chiels frae hame wi' cash,
This gate to come and mak a dash,
Across the braid Atlantic splash,
'Neath canvass wings,
To sow the fields, the wood-lands smash,
And live like kings.

For here, if managed weel, there's routh
O' food for mony a distant mouth,
Wi' waters pure to quench their drouth
And float their gear,
Our envious neighbours o' the south
The fact can swear.

Hale be your heart, your sprite ne'er fail,
My earnest wish, whate'er prevail,
May fortune on you ne'er turn tail
Whare'er you gang,
But send you in a coat o' mail
Frae ilka bang.

Now I maun close this screed o' min ,
To con the same may gar you dwine,
And a' your stock o' patience tine
To reach the en'—
Ilk blessing fa' to thee and thine,
My prayer—Amen !

THE REEKIE HOUSE.

The skaith frae Whisky that proceeds,
Aft contemplation sorrowing heeds,
Distress'd to find that rash'nal creatures
Should sink sae far beneath their natures,
For love o' vile intoxication,
Dauble in dool and consternation,
Mark how the dramming system leads
To colishangies fights and fieds.

An honest man and eke his wife,
A waefu' dram involved in strife,
And whan their arguments ran out,
The lady lent the laird a clout ;
His haufits touzled, made him roar,
And like a maukin seek the door,
Flee down the stair in desperate dread,
Fearing he'd left behind his head.

It chanced, his landlord passing by,
Cried " John, what is your ail ?
Your e'en are watering greviously,
Your legs wi' shaking fail ;"

"Landlord," quoth John e'en unco douce,
"Oh landlord I've a reekie house;"
"A reekie house, that cannot be,
My house ne'er reek'd, Sir, I maintain;"
"Stap up the stairs says John and see,
For arguments are vain."

Up mounts the landlord with a cautious air,
Looking for smoke with curious aspect round;
The wife a foot hears stealing up the stair,
The chanty seizes to maintain her ground,
Tainking 'tis John wi' vengeance fir'd come back,
In turn to pay her with a hearty thwack.

The luckless wight nae evil dreading,
But still John's errand strictly heeding,
Gat sic a clash whan at the door
As gar'd him stagger, reel and roar;
He turned to flee, but tining houp,
His feet he lost, sossed on his d—p,
And like a shot starn frae the lift,
Flew down the stairs in fleesome tift,
Gaining his footing on the g-un',
Fleet as a whitruck aff he run.

Now John beholding a' this flurry,
Cries "landlord ho! how cam' you speed?"
"Oh John," he skirls "excuse my hurry,
You hae a reekie house indeed."

TO A DISCONTENTED PERSONAGE.

Be gratefu', Sir, for fortune's gifts,
And dinna tak sic thrawart tifts;
It sets you ill, you are na blate
To ban your stars at sic a rate.
I'll tell you, though I gain ill will,
The guid you share surmounts the ill;
Subtract the lesser frae the greater,
You stand a discontented creature.

How many friends and fortune tine;
How mony douf in sickness dwine,
While ithers, pent in prisons, groan,
Dejected and deserted, lone.
In various ways afflictions come,
But heavier light nae doubt on some;
You thus to whine, and girn, and grane,
Appears nonsensical and vain—
Put in the scales your dools wi' theirs,
And tent the heaviest load wha shares.

To save yoursel a warld o' care,
Big fewer castles in the air,
Phantoms that ilka puff distorts,
And puts your mind sair out o' sorts;
Woo calm contentment for your guest,
Wi' common sense your mind invest,
And strenuously exert your powers
To cultivate life's fleeting hours.
So may you soon, by firmness, gain
The better o' your troubles, vain;
And still as frae a serpent, shrink
Frae source o' ilka wae,—strong drink.

WE'VE CROSSED THE WALY OCEAN.

We've crossed the Waly ocean,
  We've landed o'er the faem,
Far, far frae Caledonia,
  Our fathers' cherish'd hame.
Lang tossed on stormy billows,
  Whar seas and skies look'd gloom,
Yet we're a' wae at parting,
  Since the parting has come.

We've looted o'er the taffrail
  And the stormy petreol viewed,
While their tales o' superstition
  The mariners renew'd.
Seen the nautilus careering,
  The porpoise sportive play
O'er ocean's boundless bosom,
  As far as e'e could gae.

Aft listen'd to the sangs
  O' the land we left behind,
While round the cabouse crowding,
  When thrawart blew the wind;
And whiled the listless calm
  Wi' nae douf or dull effect,
Linking up the lightsome dance
  On the smooth and shaven deck.

We'll think on by-gane moments,
  Whan each his gate has gane,
Perchance whilst lanely musing
  By some woodside alane.

I tent the signs o' sorrow
Deep clud the brows o' some,
E'en we're a' wae at parting,
Since the parting has come.

BLITHE JAMIE WI' HIS TARTAN PLAID.

What Scotchman has na sate wi' lug agee,
Watching the waukening o' the midnight bell,
Whan Hogmanai' turned on her shanks to flee,
And New Years's morn, to meet the joyous swell
O' dinsome welcome, frae the assembled thrang,
Rending the air wi' uproar loud and lang.

On Hogmanai* as custom claims,
Around the board we lighted down,
Wi' younkers, carls, and winsome dames,
The closing year wi' joy to crown,
Whan started ben, wi' spunky sten',
Like ony Highland laird array'd,
The wale o' social furthy men,
Blithe Jamie, wi' his Tartan plaid.

The laugh o' joy flew round about,
Sae glad were a' his face to see,
The carls their snuff mulls whiskit out,
The brewster fill'd a bumper hie,
He toom'd it aff, syne raised his sang,
Few minstrels e'er mair skill display'd,
And loud the dinsome plaudits rang,
To Jamie, wi' his Tartan Plaid.

* The last night of the old year.

Whan twal' had chapp'd the Clauchan bell,
And New Year's morn gat welcome in,
In sooth ae word you couldan tell,
For ranting Jamie's roaring din;
Whan on the lasses lips sae sweet,
The glowing kisses thick were laid,
The loudest smacker in the leet,
Was Jamie, wi' his Tartan Plaid.

The fiddler screw'd his pins fu' hie,
And made the thairm wi' dirdum squeel,
The dancers took the floor wi' glee,
And lightly linked at the reel;
But by my sang, for Highland fling,
Strathspey, or effort there was made,
The crousest dancer could na ding
Blithe Jamie, wi' his Tartan Plaid.

The sang, the dance, the crack gaed round,
Time moved but ither joys to bring,
Ae hint to jee there was na found,
Till morn began to flap his wing;
The waning moon wi' silvery light,
To guide the hameward group essay'd;
Then on the van a stalwart wight,
Moved Jamie, wi' his tartan Plaid.

Alake! mair Hogmanai's may come,
And New Year morns, at Time's command,
The Minstrel blithe his strings may thrum,
And lighter link the joyous band;
But never mair shall Jamie jink,
Like ony Highland laird array'd,
O' death's cauld cup he's ta'en the drink;
The winding sheet is now his Plaid.

THE SPUNK. A TRUE STORY.

I've heard lang syne the auld folk say,
As time wends on his boundless way,
Fresh variorums will take place,
Which is a fact in mony a case,
Though ithers tak' a different view,
And staunch maintain there's naething new.

I've heard folk say withouten heed,
Deeming 'twas only words, not deed,
Some birkies wha gat bleezing drunk,
You, at their nose, might light a spunk;
But, by my sang, 'tis proved a fact,
Which St—th—rs, lately, show'd wi' tact.

A chield right rhee enjoyed his nap,
Whan saft this wag towards him crap,
A lucifer produced, jocose,
And glegly harl'd it o'er his nose,
Whan straight a flickering flame was found,
While laughter kittled a' around,
Convulsed their sides wi' sic gaffaws
As o'er their heads maist brought the wa's,
The chains o' sleep sae feckfu' broke,
The startled sot bewilder'd woke,
And heard, wi' countenance affrighted,
His fiery nose a spunk had lighted.

Whether the wag, for this invention,
To tak' a patent has intention,
As yet surpasses comprehension.

Yet may that spunk the nose ignited,
Prove light to him wi' drink benighted,
Guiding him past ilk tavern door
Whar he was wont to rant and roar,
Inspiring haivens and propriety,
Wi' zeal and love for real sobriety;
Then Str—th—rs* a' the praises due,
Barring dissent, shall fa' to you,

THE SCOTTISH BAGPIPE.

The Scottish Bagpipe little did I love,
Nor deem'd it own'd much grace or dignity,
Till one still night its merits I did prove,
Its shrill bold warblings and wild energy,
While loud, and louder, swell'd the deafening drone
Rousing lone echo from her inmost cell,
With mutual voice the mountains round did moan,
Each cloven cliff fast caught the rising swell.

'Tis war's own music! proudly I exclaimed,
The martial wakening of the mountain band,
Who many a charge have potently sustain'd
In hottest fray, in many a foreign land.
Nor do I marvel when to battle led
By such a voice, the Highlander should dare,
Dash with resistless force the foe o'er head,
And seize the laurel with triumphant air.

* A humourous son o' the Land o' Cakes.

FAREWELL TO INVERGORDON.

Farewell to Invergordon,
With its ancient ruin near;
To its woodlands, straths, and mountains
That aloft their summits rear;

To its calm and placid basin,
Like the bosom of the lake
When the winds sleep in their chambers,
And the ripples cease to break.

Thou "*Portus Salutis*"
By ancient voyagers named;
For shelter from the stormy deep,
And native beauty famed.

High on the near Benwevis
The flaky snow-wreaths reign;
Despising summer's melting glow—
Presiding o'er the plain.

With lingering steps along thy beach
We chid our transient stay,
And eager wished the thwarting winds
Would lengthen out delay;

For dear did fancy love to trace
That fair romantic strand,
With all the glowing scenery round,
Diversified and grand.

Oh, Scotland! many are the charms
Of thy majestic shore,
More striking thus, whilst on the eve
Of viewing them no more.

More mellowing hues will distance yield,
Yet softer tinge will give,
Retouch'd when by the hand of Time,
With memory to live.

Adieu! the sails are flapping,
The favoring breezes play,
The capstan is in motion,
And the ship gets underweigh,

To stem the wide Atlantic,
Moor on Columbia's shore;—
Farewell! adieu, fair Albion—
Invergordon's Bay no more!

OCCASIONED BY CAPTAIN B——Y'S REMARKS ON CANADA.

B—c—y, what's this? you are na blate
To slight this land at sic a rate;
To pass remarks you hadna time—
Your short sojourn scarce saw a stime—
Your rashness really ranks a crime,
For which you e'en maun thole reproof;
Wha wad hae thought you sic a cuif?

A traveller wi' sic hurried race
Can hae nae time to tent ilk place,
And if he soured and peevish be,
Views a' around wi' jaundiced e'e—
Doubtless this was the case wi' thee;
You should hae ta'en a better blink
Before you gae your thoughts to ink;
Insooth at least four seasons baited,
And on guid information waited—
Storing wi' knowledge meet your mind,
Nor been to sterling facts sae blind—
Conversed wi' gaucie men o' mense,
And gaen to wark wi' common sense;
I'll wad my sonnet to your book,
You'll own you took a hasty look—
Made mony a strange hallucination
While hurrying through your quaint narration.

This is a land o' milk and honey,
Whar men may live wi' little money;
As lairds and farmers fen and thrive,
Wi' taxes very sma' to strive;
Without a licence shoot like wud
Birds o' ilk kind wi' blattering thud—
Yea pap a ball right through a deer,
Nor e'en the leave o' ony speer;
Advantages you brawly ken
Envied by British gentlemen.

Whan seated in your chair at hame,
While interest deep your stories claim
Frae curious listeners round the table,
Imbibing a' as fast's they're able—

Think seriously upon the spies
Wha tented lands wi' evil eyes,
For which nae doubt they gat their sorts,
Whan men mair leal gied right reports;
And tak at ora times a look
Yoursel' at Bonycastle's book,
Wi' ither wark's o' information,
And sign at length your recantation.

ON LAYING THE FOUNDATION STONE OF KING'S COLLEGE.

The glorious sun auspicious shone
The brilliant stirring scene full on—
Such sun as wont to meet the eyes
'Mid fair Canadian summer skies—
Chasing from every mind the spleen,
As if the god of day had been
Alive to this eventful day,
When one and all to joy gave way
To hail the undertaking grand,
Fair hope of this increasing land.
Imposing proved the meet display
Toronto made, this special day
Destined her annals long to grace,
For future ages back to trace.
St. George's Day the feat did lead—
"The better day the better deed;"
All ranks to testify good-will,
Crowded the gorgeous train to fill;

With hopeful smiles, in groups, the fair
Survey'd the scene with fostering care,
And youths ordain'd perchance to shine
In every branch beneath this shrine,
Felt warm inspired with feelings meet,
Congenial with this noble feat.
May Heaven the grand beginning shield,
And every guardian blessing yield;
The rising genius firm inspire
With virtue true, and native fire;
And from afar may youths repair,
With zeal these blessings here to share.
Long shall the name of Bagot stand
High honored in this rising land,
Who patronizing laid the base
Of this bright hope of coming days,—
The work proceeds—give God the praise!

TO AN ABSTEMIOUS PHILOSOPHER.*

Oh, thou wha like some grave divine,
Can gie the moral lecture fine,
And execrate debased mankin'
Wha menseless cram
Within their lips, ilk day at dine,
Beef, veal or lamb;

* The above verses were composed in consequence of the author having heard an abstemious philosopher expatiate on the evil effects of eating butcher meat, declaring that the practice was inimical to existence, cutting short the thread of life,—that nature solely intended for mankind the consumption of roots, herbs, milk, &c as being conducive to a long and healthy life; and shortly thereafter observing the same abstemious philosopher devouring with avidity roast beef, lamb, &c. with much seeming satisfaction.

Maintain that nature ne'er intended,
Nor to our palates recommended
The flesh o' beasts frae stock descended,
Before e'en men,
But chiefly roots and herbs commended,
On these to fen.

But tent me, Birky! for a wee;
Wha was't I saw wi' sparklin' e'e,
And knife and fork, swith making free
Wi' beef and gravy;
And playing at lamb right heartsomely
An unco shavie?

You vow the man wha flesh will flee,
Assemblage vast o' years will see,
While gormandizers round him die
Like rotten sheep;
Yet he survives as brisk's a bee,
And fens mair cheap.

You mind me o' a drouthy loon
I lately met in this same town,
Wha railed, and ran ilk drinker down
Wi' weighty thud—
Gat fou himsel thereafter soon,
And fell i' the mud.

Precept is nought without example;
Law-makers ne'er on laws should trample;
Heeh! you hae gien a sorry sample
O' what you vend;
I'll say nae mair, though scope I've ample,
Save tent and mend.

LINES ON AFRICAN SLAVERY.*

—

Long Wilberforce did persevere,
And Afric's cause unwearied pled;
The good approved his views sincere,
And far their virtuous influence spread.

—

Absurdly soundeth Freedom's name
In yonder land where slavery dwells;
A paradox appears the same,
This scene the truth decided tells.

The star-gem'd banner proud may wave,
Yet ever sullied must it be,
While underneath it groans the slave,
Struggling from thraldom to be free.

O'er Afric's spurned and trampled race,
There hangs oppression's iron scourge;
Deeds that humanity disgrace,
Columbia's sons† relentless urge,

*One night while the author was at Sandwich, three men of color arrived at the Inn where he lodged, having made their escape from the Southern States, where, for a long time, they had undergone all the miseries of American slavery; their treatment having been so intolerable, they determined to gain their liberty at all hazards. After having travelled upwards of seven hundred miles—concealing themselves in the woods during the day, and travelling by night—they arrived at the Detroit River, and, seizing a boat, put across, landing in the neighborhood of Sandwich. The joy of these poor fellows was great on finding they had gained the British lines and were in a place of safety: while the congratulations of those present, (among whom were some of their own people who, on learning the circumstance, had repaired to the place) formed altogether a most gratifying and highly interesting scene.

† The author is aware that this does not apply to a vast portion of the neighboring States, yet by far too many strenuously continue to support and encourage the revolting system.

Yet urge in vain,—moves on its way
The march of intellect more bright;
Oppression sinks, declines in sway,
Scared by its all-subduing might.

This Freedom's home* too! here unheard
The dismal clank of slavery's chain;
The sufferer's plaint meets kind regard,
Whilst gratitude seems all his pain.

Blest Isle of Britain, not alone,
For arms unrivalled stands thy name;
The softer virtues are thine own,
Brightening the halo round thy fame.

Though far remote, thy wandering sons
New beauties in thy measures see;
Where waves thy flag, where roar thy guns,
True greatness emanates from thee.

THE WOODEN WALLS OF BRITAIN.

What renders Britain famous,
Revered throughout the world;
Where swells her canvas to the breeze,
Where floats her flag unfurl'd.
Her wooden walls, the hearts of oak
Their trackless course who guide,
Heaven shield the fleets of Britain,
Her glory, strength, and pride.

* Canada.

Surrounded by her native deep,
The Queen of Navies peers,
Unmoved by all invasive threats
Each other nation fears.
Her rugged coasts impregnable
For miles, as ramparts run,
And stand her wards immovable
Since Time his course begun.

Speed well! her buoyant batteries
To furthest bounds that range,
Equipp'd, and fitted at her word,
For every clime and change.
These dauntless launch amid the deep,
Exulting in their might,
To guard her fleets of merchantmen,
Or thunder in the fight.

Their thunders born to every coast,
With victory's peal have roared;
While quailing to them proudest flags
Submissively have lowered.
The bravery of a Blake yet lives
Within these wooden walls;
The spirit of a Benbow, too,
Each scion proud recalls.

Whose feats of valor Nelson's breast
With glory's love inspired,
And fitted for the arduous task
His warlike times required.
Go glance o'er History's glowing page,
And note each laurel'd name;

A Duncan and a Smith there live
Within the wreath of Fame.

Say not in these pacific times
Our Naval ardours sleep;
Ask Navarino's batter'd walls
If tars old lessons keep!
They do, and will, while Britain waves
Her trident o'er the tide;
Heaven shield the fleets of England,
And all their motions guide.

EPISTLE TO J. K——, Esq., AULD REEKIE.

I've aft design'd to pen to you,
Some ora hour, a verse or two,
Procrastination still, somehow,
Has marr'd the same,
For which, I own wi' deference due,
I'm sair to blame.

Far frae the Pentland hills awa',
Now countless billows 'twixt us jaw,
And ruthless tempests blustering blaw,
And rivers sweep
Frae various sources, as they draw
Toward the deep.

On far Ontario's northern side,
That waly dub, baith lang and wide—

Fresh water sea—whar ships may ride
O' hugest form,
And learn 'tis wark enough to bide
Its gurliest storm.

This is a heartsome, thriving place,
A curiosity to trace;
Sprung frae the wilderness, wi' grace
She takes her stand—
Toronto weel may shaw her face
In ony land.

Here biggins rise o' brick, and stane,
And wood, I trow surpass'd by nane;
Wi' glittering spires that tap the fane
And gem the skies;
Wi' wharves beneath huge loads that grane,
O' merchandize.

Now gas-light stars adorn the street,
To shaw the passengers their feet,
And ample drains draw aff the weet
That ance molested;
A spirit to mak things complete,
Seems here invested.

The neighbouring roads progressive thrive,
Macadamizing on doth drive,
E'en every calling seems to strive
Wi' application;
The general weal to haud alive
Wi' emulation.

Between the Huron and this Lake,
A road they're shortly gaun to make;
Then trade a noble turn will take
By that same rout;
And commerce like new morn awake—
O' that nae doubt.

The sturdy labourer 's better here
By far, than whan at hame, 'tis clear;
Can live on mair besuiting cheer;
Shares less neglect;
Has fewer obstacles to fear,
And gains respect.

Some dread o'erwhelming inundation
Frae ilk o'er-stock'd and crowded nation,
Disgorging fast its population,
And pray yon strand
They'll tenty tak', for consolation,—
Van Diemen's Land.

They fear they'll gar the prices fa',
And labour's value sairly thraw,
Sic crowds wha here in thousands draw,
Sae locust-like;
But, fudge! there's room enough for a',
Without this fyke.

This land is fertile, lang, and braid,
Producing routh, if weel outlaid;
And by the dint o' skilful aid
Its wildest spot
Wad somewhat yield to eke out trade,
And raise its groat.

Rebellion's blast here wildly blew,
And caused stagnation, that is true,
And in its net entangling, drew
The reckless in;
Rests on Mackenzie's head I trow,
A warld o' sin.

Frae wrangling he could never rest;
He was an ettercaup, and pest;
Now few or nane, frae east to west,
His yammering heed;
It was a mad attempt, at best,
And couldna speed.

How does the Queen o' cities thrive?
Has Trade turn'd douf or a' alive?
Does Law as deep in cases dive,
O' cash that eases?
Wi' wonted skill doth Physic strive
Against diseases?

Does Architecture's noble art
Yet aid the Parthenon alert;
Progressive, bringing ilka part
Toward perfection?
Or dwines the fabric, still inert,
In lone dejection?

I hear the auld warld Bow is gane;
A tale that somewhat gies me pain,
As I'm o' ancient relics fain;
And mourn their fa';
Hech! ilka vestige hae they taen
E'en clean awa'!

The bairns, I trow, nae mair will fear,
When mirk and dismal nights draw near,
The awsome pranks o' Major Weir,
To do them ill;
Wha held that quarter lang asteer
Wi's cantrip skill.

I'm tald you've got a harbour grand,
Form'd near by Royston Castle's stand,
The finest on Forth's southern strand—
A special place—
That out o' date wi' the whip-hand
Auld Leith doth chase.

A lang account I've lately seen
Anent the visit o' our Queen,
In your leal town wha late has been,
And taen a keekie;
A bonnier sight ne'er met her e'en,
Fairfa' Auld Reekie!

But, och! I'm wondrous wae to hear
Your headsmen were to rise sae swear;
They maun be lazy lads, I fear,
O' mense forlorn;
They should been up as dawn drew near,
On sic a morn.

Perchance o'er night in social glee,
The toasts they birl'd about right free,
Until the upper storey, hie,
Was fairly speel'd;
Then Time wi' unco whirr does flee,
Kens mony a chield.

Be't as it will, they get their clouts,
And on men's minds rest mony doubts;
On sic a morn their conduct suits
A wee bit handle;
E'en they maun bide through mony bruits,
The scourge o' scandal.

Still leeze me on those scenes sae fair;
The sea-breeze fresh, and healthy air;
The Forth, wi' a' its islets rare,
Whar joins the Amon;
For scenery rich, what may compare
Wi' that near Crammon?

In early life there aft I've stray'd
Beneath the verdant vocal shade,
Whan a' the feathered flock essay'd
Their sangs o' glee,
And Echo back their notes convey'd
Melodiously.

Departed scenes I fond recall,
Whan musing moods absorb my saul;
Aft whan the sweet and pensive fall
Saft sorrowing steals;
Whase varied dyes surpasses all
That art reveals.

Here skies present a clearer hue;
The lakes assume a deeper blue
Than on our Fiords appear to view;
A brighter green
Methinks the grass exhibits too,
Than there is seen.

Yet sweet September's placid sky,
Whan o'er fair Scotia's mountains high,
Float clouds array'd in glorious dye,
By Phœbus' glow,
Aft starts wi' force to memory's eye
Whan day sinks low.

Were mine the magic gift o' flight,
Wi' power at will to soar and light,
I'll wad you'd hear a whirr some night,
And flapping din,
Whan pouncing by your door, I'd light
At T—pp—linn,

To hear your ferlies and your tale,
That aften comes to mind unstale;
Eke pree your horn o' amber ale
In moderation;
And on a real Lochfine regale,—
What recreation!

But I hae spun my verse o'er lang,
And words obtrude them on me thrang,
Sae I shall close this rambling sang,
By simply wishing,
Whare'er you bide, whare'er you gang,
You'll thole a blessing.

THE SOLDIER'S FUNERAL.

Hark! 'tis the solemn step and peal
  That speak's the soldier's funeral hour;
Hard is his heart that cannot feel,
  And scorns to own its touching power.

A sombre gloom each aspect wears,
  Hilarity is quash'd, has fled;
Each visage seems as if it bears
  Fond recollections of the dead.

Again the music's bursting wail,
  Spontaneous issuing, strikes the ear;
Floating all solemn on the gale,
  As weeping o'er the mournful bier.

The measured cadence, pompous train,
  With arms reversed, and thoughtful mein,
Through vision strikes the heart with pain,
  And adds fresh gusto to the scene.

In soften'd mood, the pensive mind
  Unconscious joins the mournful throng;
And musing, with the train is join'd—
  "A captive led,"—and drawn along.

Perchance, remote, a mother mourns
  The absence of a favorite son;
And hopeful to his coming turns,
  Unconscious that his race is run.

Relying on that hour afar,
  When journeying home, the soldiers come,

Released from all the toils of war,
With trumpet sound and beat of drum.

Vain hope for him, if such the case,
Extended on that mournful bier;
Though distant far his resting-place,
Yet sympathizing hearts are near.

'Tis done! the flashing vollies sound,
That speak the soldier's last farewell;
Sad Echo starting, answers round,
And mournful peals the final knell.

CANADIAN WOODSMAN'S FAREWELL TO HIS LOG HOUSE.

Farewell! my wife and children dear,
Loved partners of my joys and woes;
My snug log-house, adieu, awhile,
Rear'd where the widening clearance shews;
My sturdy steeds, domestic cow,
Whose tinkling bell, when homeward-bound,
Oft charm'd the stilly hour of eve,—
The bugle breathes a different sound.

It calls to quash wild discord's din,
To quell rebellion late begun,
To save from foreign power and yoke
The soil our fathers' valor won.
Be ours the task thence to repel
The inroads of these sons of spoil,
Our mustering word—integrity,—
And plaudits of our Parent Isle.

THE PARSON AND BUTCHER.

A worthy Parson had a well-fed pig
  Which he designed to kill, and store the larder;
Yet was he puzzled, and oft scratched his wig,
  And vow'd than his no case was ever harder.

His neighbours all had been surpassing kind
  In sending food, choice leavings, wondrous nice,
To fatten up the Parson's pig designed,
  And in return he promised each a slice.

So many had he proffer'd to regale,
  He deemed he was a most unlucky elf,
That in his promise if he did not fail,
  He would not leave one morsel to himself.

Pondering this matter, on a scheme he hit—
  "I've found," says he, "what will out-wit the whole;
My worthy neighbours shall not have a bit;
  I will declare the pig from me was stole."

Straight for the butcher doth he send with speed;
  Tells him his plan to kill the pig that night;
To hoax the neighbours, begs he'll take the lead,
  And swear 'twas stolen by some dishonest wight.

And finding he to aid him was most willing,
  Espousing zealously his puzzling case,
Remuneration of an extra shilling
  He handed over with a besuiting grace.

It chanced this butcher was a knowing rogue,
  And smoked this matter to his interest quite;

Says he, " Sir Parson," in his vulgar brogue,
" Leave all to me, your battle I will fight."

What does this wag? by night he steals the pig,
Conveys it home, and stows it snug away;
Next morn the Parson scratch'd again his wig,
More at a loss now what to do or say.

Straight for the butcher off he sends again;
" My pig is stolen, sir, and no joke, 'tis true;"
" Well done," the other cries, " that I'll maintain;
Stick to the text, no fear of us, we'll do."

" The pig is stolen, sir, hear me in reality,"
The Parson cries, in most obstreperous rage,
" And I will punish you for your rascality;
To prove you thief I boldly will engage."

" Well done; that's you," the butcher laughing roars;
True acted, right, as if the tale were true;
No fear, we'll rub off all the neighbours' scores—
Stick to the text my friend, and then you'll do."

THE EMIGRANT SHIP.

Farewell, farewell! romantic land,
Cape Wrath recedes from view;
And dwindled down to hillocks mean,
Shew all thy mountains blue;
The bounding vessel seaward sweeps,
Her bellying canvas spread,

Yet landward many an eye is turn'd,
Droops pensive many a head.

Oh! bleakly blow the blustering winds,
And fleet the scud-clouds fly,
Now Scotia, all dissolv'd in mist,
No longer meets the eye.
Thou aged man with hoary locks,
Lone on the poop who stands,
What urgeth thee to tempt the seas,
In quest of distant lands.

Near eighty summers well, I ween,
Have circled o'er thy head;
What enterprize can lure thee hence?
Who tend thy dying bed?
The tear-drop on thy furrow'd cheek
I plainly can descry;
A settled gloom thy features speak,
Old wanderer, tell me why?

Alas, alas! I never dream'd
These natal hills to leave;
And when I take this final view,
No marvel that I grieve.
My father's bones rest peaceful there,
With hers who shared my bed;
And all the friends that cared for me
Are number'd with the dead.

Far, far beyond yon western deep
My sons have found a home,
And at their filial call, e'en now,
Wide ocean's breast I roam.

In providence I firmly trust,
My duteous sons to see;
Embrace, before these eyes are closed,
The boys that climbed my knee.

God grant thy boon, thou aged man,
So laudable and just;
That Heaven may make thy prospects good,
I firmly hope and trust,
And every comfort here impart
While journeying on thy way,
Soothing serene, with friendly smiles,
The sunset of thy day.

And who art thou? say, shivering youth,
Beneath the long-boat's lee,
With pallid cheek, and shuddering looks,
As timid of the sea?
A blooming lass oft by thy side,
Seems all thy ails to tend;
Insooth young man thou'rt better off
Than he who lacks a friend.

I shiver sore, I must confess,
My cheek, I own, is pale,
Yet of the sea I have small dread,
Nor heed I much the gale.
That blooming lass, she is my bride,
And all my ails doth tend,
And thou art right, I'm better off
Than he who lacks a friend.

Her father with his sturdy sons
Design'd to cross the seas,

There with their savings purchase land,
And fell Canadian trees.
With aching heart I heard their views,
To travel ill resigned;
Yet if I staid, it was their wish
We twain should not be join'd.

To leave my parents pain'd me sore,
'Twixt love and duty bound,
Conflicting feelings tortur'd, till
My brain a fever found.
With kindest assiduity
She waited by my bed,
Restored my health and reason too,
Which for a time had fled.

I gave consent with them to go,
She vow'd, and gave her hand;
The nuptial-knot was tied, and thus
We leave our native land.
By slow degrees my health returns,
Sea-sickness vexes sore,
But happiness, I trust, in Heaven
For us is still in store.

God grant thy wish, thou faithful youth,
Speed all thy prospects fair,
The blessings of yon rising land
I hope you all will share.
Now nobly spooms our trim-built barque,
She gains the open sea;
No dread of frowning rocks or shoals,
The ocean spreads to lee.

To you, yet striving fond to catch
One glimpse of land behind,
Cheer up; there's hopes enough in store,
To parting prove resign'd.
For darker than yon mist-wreath dense,
Than lowering clouds of eve,
Spreads dire misfortune's gathering gloom,
Wide o'er that land you leave.

Fill up, and drain the parting cup
To those who yet remain;
And cherish hopes, however faint,—
We part to meet again.
Ye powers, who give the winds their play,
Yon hurrying clouds that urge,
Safe shield us while we cleave our way
Athwart the foaming surge.

VERSES ON TORONTO.

Toronto, Canada's delight,
Rife may thy roofs of silver rise,
Thy burnish'd spires, tall, glittering, bright,
Majestic tower toward the skies;
Thy steamers grace Ontario proud,
And trade and commerce active ply,
While countless craft thy wharves do crowd,
To please the venturous merchant's eye.

Improvement's rapid strides are thine,
Years after years successive shew,

And may the Muse dare to divine,
Year after year they'll greater grow.

Here men of various countries meet,
With thoughts to find a home impreat,
Whose efforts shew the spacious street,
Whose labours too the soil has drest.

The veteran too of many scars,
Hopes here when all his toils are o'er,
Proud to recount his various wars,
And join the martial ranks no more;
But 'neath his sheltering wooden shed,
Repeat how oft the breach he has braved,
And never need beg bitter bread,
Through realms his youthful valor saved.

When retrospection's eye turns back,
To mark this spot late in the wild,
And gradually her progress track,
Although she ranks but still a child;
There is a thought comes o'er the mind,
What applications powers can do,
Homes here may distant hundreds find,
And bless the winds them hither blew.

Late where the busy active scene,
Of bustle and of business lies,
Prolific waved the cedars green,
Through which lone night-winds breathed their sighs
There too the evening fogs made pause.
Attracted by their kindred damp,

* The market place.

For why! the plain, the ruling cause,
That stirring scene shew'd then a swamp.

No more the stealthy wolf doth prowl,
Around thy suburbs as of yore,*
Unheard the Bear's gruff surly growl,
Re-echoing round thy once lone shore;
The busy hum of men hath scared
Those sounds that vexed the ear of night,
Industry's hand their coverts bared,
There now the fertile field shews bright.

The Muses too delight to wend
Along those scenes where Humber flows,
Inhale the sweets the green woods send,
And list the chopper's sturdy blows;
And note the splendid plumage gay,
That decorates the feather'd throng,
Though far remote the Thrush's lay,
And Merl so dear to British song.

Here Learning opes his ample page,
Replete with ancient classic lore,
Descriptive of each Attic sage,
Renewing scenes Time's long passed o'er;
And Science too unrolls his scroll,
Marked with the circle, square, and cone,
Delineates space 'twixt pole and pole,
And bearings of each girding zone.

Fair as the varied ruddy glow,
Thy placid evening sky displays,

* Such the author is informed was the case not many years ago in the suburbs of Toronto.

Toronto's lovely daughters shew,
Dear to the meed of virtuous praise ;
May faction, feud and discord die,
All envyings and dissension cease,
With one accord each bosom vie
To woo the blissful arts of peace.

Smile yet more fair ye sunny plains,
More genial than ye yet have smiled,
And may each effort that restrains
Your progress aye be marr'd and foiled ;
Beshrew the base the recreant band,*
Like prowling midnight wolves that range,
Armed with the dire explosive brand,
To gratify the worst revenge.

Still higher shall that fabric tower,
For Brock above the honored scene,
Defying every dastard power
To soil his deathless laurels green ;
Yes, heart and hand shall band the brave,
His virtuous memory to prolong,
And from oblivion Bards shall save
His trophies in the sounding song.

Toronto, Canada's delight,
Rise may thy roofs of silver rise,
Thy burnish'd spires, tall, glittering, bright,
Majestic point toward the skies ;
Thy steamers grace Ontario proud,
And trade and commerce active ply,
While countless craft thy wharves do crowd,
Fraught for thy weal with rich supply.

* Alluding to the disgraceful attempt to destroy General Brock's monument on Queenston Heights ; an action which none but villians could suggest and the worst of miscreants attempt to perpetrate.

SCOTTISH BROSE.

Since the land o' our fathers
  Lies far o'er the faem,
And Christmas comes linkin'
  To bless us again,
Hang the pat on the crook,
  Jaup in water and beef,
In behalf o' the brose
  That maun still reign the chief.

Roast beef and plum-pudding,
  And geese may reek rife,
And gabs do them justice
  Wi' feck to the life,
Unenvious the lads o' the north
  Still jocose,
Wi' the feelings o' yore
  Clean will claucht out their brose.

By oral tradition,
  Auld warld folk maintain,
Some king before Malcolm
  In Scotland did reign,
Whase nobles to steching
  On dainties inclined,
Despising book-learning,
  Best food for the mind.

A mandate he issued
  Enforcing the same,
For absolute power, then,
  All monarchs could claim;

That each of his nobles
His presence should flee,
Till master at least
O' the plain A, B, C.

And during their studies,
Tradition thus goes,
The fare they were doom'd to
Was plain Scottish brose,
Which sentence severe,
Proved a blessing ere lang—
This temperate food
Made their faculties strang.

Their bodies waxed rackle,
Their mental parts bright,
They grew wise in the council
And sturdy in fight.
Lear bravery and brose
Still wend hand in hand,
Transmitted sin' syne
Through the feck o' the land.

And the chiels maistly gifted
Wi' faculties prime,
Eke the claymore to handle
And mountain to climb,
Whan duly consider'd,
Still ever prove those
Wha were glegest and keenest
To scart out their brose.

THE CANADIAN DOMINIE'S LAMENT.

I dwine in my cruive a' the lang winter night,
And never beams round me ae blink o' delight;
I gaunt and I brood a' the weary night lang,
And carena for reading, for music nor sang;
I sigh for Toronto, o' company fain,
And wish frae my heart I were in it again.
A Dominie's life, lone, secluded, I find
Is ane winna souther exact wi' my mind;
I find 'tis an effort that strikes me aft mute,
To teach young ideas the method to shoot;
The bairns are a fash, their capacities dull,
Opposed towards letters seems each stupid skull;
My lugs a' day lang are confused wi' their din,
To paik them their parents consider it sin;
My salary's dubious, my labours are sure,
The prospect before me's an unco bare muir;
My pupils are stubborn, not easily tamed,
For their misdemeanours by parents I'm blamed,
Who often are boorish, unsocial, and prone
To think there are few like themselves and their own.
My back should I turn, while preparing to eat,
The cat breaks a dish, and the dog steals my meat;
Things a' out o' keeping, confusion grows rife,
For lack o' right sorting, for want o' a wife.
My post I'll abandon and hie to the bush,
There I'll work as a chopper, and sing like a thrush,
Though the bear should molest, and the wolf round me prowl,
For this is a life only fit for an owl.

THE AUTHOR TO HIS TERRIER DOG.

Fairfa' thy gaucie knowing face,
Thou chieftan o' the canine race,
'Tis thine the souple hare to chase,
The leveret catch,
The track o' wily fumart trace,
And weasel watch.

To howk for moudiworts fu' gleg,
Wi' snouking snout and active leg,
Or frae a hen-house nab an egg,*
Nae tyke can peer thee,
Or sit upon your d—p and beg,
While a' revere thee.

In bruilzies still you bear the gree,
The fient a ane daur mel wi' thee,
Wi' bitter whirl you gar them flee
Wi' gurry, whurry,—
Syne hirplin' aff thy faes we see
In fleesome hurry.

Sude man offend you e'en sae gleg,
You dinna stand to gie'm a sneg,
And grip him fearless by the leg
Wi' bitter fang,—
He maunna heed a bite a feg,
Wha'd do you wrang.

* This dog had a singular propensity for invading hen roosts

For ilk misdeed and evil part,
Thou dost not lack a kindly heart,—
Affectionate, warm, playful, smart,—
Thee I commend,
For ruthless enemy alert,
But faithful friend.

VERSES

Written on the Author's first arrival in Canada, between Windsor and Chatham.

Oh! these are no my country's hills,
Sae shilpit like and wee,
These lakes are no my country's lochs,
Though lang and braid they be.

The woods that skirt their ample sides,
Are no my country's wuds,
And whan I heavenward turn my e'en,
I miss auld Scotia's cluds.

What though the stately pine tree towers,
The walnut and the lime,
Nae woodland warblers perch thereon,
Sae rife in Britain's clime.

The gaudy hues o' the woodpecker
Are bonny to behold,
The plumage o' the howlet fair,
And the eagle's flight is bold;

But the sangs frae Scotia's leafy shaws
At morn and e'en that start,
Are rooted in a Scotchman's mind,
And hefted in his heart.

LINES.*

Resume that plaintive lay again!
I give thee fond encore,
Methought I had not cross'd the main,
Nor left my native shore.

When on my morning slumbers broke
Those tones, enchanting, near,
I deem'd on Albin's strand I woke,
And marvel'd to be here.

That lay was one I early lov'd,
And still 'tis dear to me,
Oft have I listen'd, and approv'd
Its mournful melody.

Thou minstrel of the forest lone,
Pour fourth that strain again,
It conjures back blest hours long flown,
Imparting joy and pain.

* On the Author being awakened one morning before day-break, by hearing the air "Farewell to Lochaber," played on a German flute, in an adjoining apartment, by a fellow-traveller, in a tavern on the shore of Lake St. Clair, imagining at the time he was in Scotland.

TO MR. L——, ON HIS RETURN TO SCOTLAND.

May western breezes favouring blow
With just sufficient force
To cause you incommoded speed,
And steady keep your course,
Until you reach fair Britain's Isle,
And Modern Athens gain,
From all the toils of travel free,
And hazards of the main.

There when old friends your circle crowd,
To hear the traveller's tale,
May unanimity abound
And happiness prevail;
In short, according with your views
May every thing agree,—
Each comfort for the while resign'd,
Augmented wait for thee.

D--NL—P AND THE BEAR.

—

Manners are pleasing, even when aright
Shewn to a bear,—he's equally polite;
O' th is doth D—nl—p give sufficient proof—
Then from politeness who would stand aloof.

—

To muse on Nature's boundless charms,
Stapt D—nl—p furth wi' falded arms
Alang the banks o' Don,

Surveying a' her beauties round ;
Wi' joy he faund his bosom bound,
And sauntering, still moved on.

Whan suddenly a sight he saw,
That strack his mind wi' fear and awe,—
His very vitals froze ;
Nay, reader, downa wondering stare,
For know, a huge unwieldy bear
Thrust frae a brake his nose,

And on him glowr'd wi' aspect grave,
As if he'd been a rogue, or knave,
Approaching for nae good ;
Wi' countenance subdued enough,
To view a forrester sae gruff,
The other trembling stood.

Though D—nl—p was a dauntless man,
He gruid,—a shuddering through him ran,
At sic unseemly sight ;
And to retreat in suiting style,
Engaged his reasoning powers the while,
To shun the dreaded fight.

Backwards he slowly 'gan to move,
Bruin the motion seem'd to approve,
And e'en as mensfu' too,—
A movement in accordance made,
Retired within his bushy shade,
And vanish'd frae his view.

Enough o' Nature's charms for me,
Thought D—nl—p, wi' recruiting glee,—
Heaven send me safely hame ;

On sic a holy, sacred day,*
Without an errand here to stray,
I hae been sair to blame.

It strikes guid men w' fear and awe,
To think sae near a bear's dread paw
A social honest chield
Was hapless placed; for sic is he
O' whom I sing, and bids to be
The same to latest eild.

TO A BOASTING BARD.

Why should'st thou of the tuneful nine
Trump forth such arrant brags,
Who clothe your verse in wretched rhyme,
Your back in fluttering rags?

With them, alas! it doth appear,
You'll ne'er a favorite be,
Than Helicon's, by far more dear
Is Bacchus' fount to thee.

The path that leads to Lethe's stream
You're onward trudging fast,
Where dark Oblivion's willows teem,
To shade your lays at last.

* This adventure took place on a Sunday.

THE SNAW WREATHES LIG ON BLACKFORD'S TAP.*

The snaw-wreathes lig on Blackford's tap,
Craighouse, and Braid are laden'd mair,
Nature's flung round her hoary haup,
And winter reigns despotic there.

Now swirling snell wi' dinsome gowl,
The blirty, feathery shower we meet;
How heartsome reeks the cheering bowl,
What comfort sheds the ingle's heat.

Though hush'd the mavis' mellow strain,
To simmer gloamin ever dear,
Yet raise the sang, nor wauk in vain,
Let Tannahill's blithe lilts be near.

Or Allan's strains that cares can bang,
Though o'er them Time has flapp'd his wing;
Or Burns' fancy-rousing sang,
That loftier lays mair feckfu' ding.

The social chat when feeling starts,
And humours in ae channel row,
A sweetness to the hour imparts,
And wauks in hearts a hallow'd lowe.

Then what to us, though ilk hill tap
Around our houf ligs deep 'mang snaw,
Winter may spread her hoary haup,
And swirling blasts unheeded blaw.

* Blackford hill in the vicinity of Edinburgh.

ADMONITION.

Carlracle ! Carlracle !
Give over deep bousing,
Bid a serious adieu
To all reckless carousing;

To all reckless carousing,
No good that produces,
But leads to mischances
And various abuses.

In the hall snug when seated,
Strong liquor before thee,
Good fellows lamented,
Nay, oft would abhor thee;

And oft would abhor thee
In great consternation,
For your tongue would engross
Every man's conversation.

Every man's conversation—
Your conduct was elfish,
And your topics oft-times
Were long-winded and selfish.

At the hour of departure
Your guests you neglected,
The wight, too, top-heavy,
His suit you rejected.

His suit you rejected,
The convoy when craving;
You kept fast to your seat,
Like a host not behaving.

Like a host not behaving,
Of sense and good breeding,
To the night you exposed him,
His plight never heeding.

His plight never heeding—
The storm might rage round him,
The shriek of the ghost
And the kelpy confound him;

He might stagger and reel,
Ignus fatus to guide him,
The pit-fall and ditch
Gaping widely beside him;

While you o'er your bottle
Most pleasantly pondering,
Pass'd never one thought
On his wearisful wandering;

But at his dilemma
Laughed loud and censorious,
Though thou wert the cause
Of his hazard's inglorious.

These acts oft-repeated,
Made boon ones despise thee;
In the hall of the social
They lightly did prize thee.

They lightly do prize thee,
Therefore with inspection
These deeds overlook
With besuiting reflection,

Until fairly convinced
Comfort lives with sobriety,
And rank 'neath the standard
Of Temperance Society.

ON PASSING THE BELL ROCK LIGHT HOUSE* IN A GALE.

Tall watchman of the faithless deep,
Thy ruddy brow of lustre hail,
While round the jarring night-winds weep
And pattering rain the decks assail.
Amid the elemental jar,
Increasing winds, waves rolling high,
The sea-bound mariner afar,
Still on thee casts a lingering eye.

Fast lessening now thy friendly light,
His bark bleak ocean bounding through;
Rushing amid dark cheerless night,
He bids thee, with a sigh, adieu!

* The Bell Rock Light House, situated at the mouth of the Frith of Forth, twelve miles from land,—the rock on which this building is placed being only visible at low water. In former times a float was moored to the rock, with a large bell suspended thereon, which being rung by the motion of the waves, gave timeous warning to mariners. Tradition says, a Dutch pirate possessed himself of this bell, and cut the float adrift, for which iniquitous proceeding, by Divine retribution, he was drowned with all his crew the following year, at the place he had committed this sacrilege. The float and bell were placed at the rock by the pious Abbot of Aberbrothwick.

Floundering amid the storm afar
His reeling vessal scuds away!
Thou glimmering now a distant star,
And sad he mourns thy setting ray.

Sunk in the brine thy flickering spark
No longer tops the turgid wave,
Benighted reels the bounding bark,
Her only star the light thou gave.
So hope full oft by slow degrees
Ceaseth the mind's path to illume,
And leaves the wretch on life's rough seas
To flounder on in reckless gloom.

Written some years after the foregoing, while the Author was on his way to America.

Lone warder of the deep, again
Thy varying lights attract my view,
Expansive spreads the opening main,
Thy sea-girt beam once more adieu.

Now dusky-night her veil hath spread,
Obscured the land so late we traced
While slow the vessel turn'd ahead
Till gloom and distance all effaced.

With morn will not return our hills,
Those halls, those fields so late we trod;
Songs of the woods, pure limpid rills,
And beauties of the flowery sod.

The horizon our view will bound,
The sea-breeze blow for zephyrs bland;
Perchance rude billows roaring round,
Removed from all the joys of land.

Last eve were festive tapers trimm'd—
Last night the parting song arose;
The social flagon high was brimm'd
That sorrows drowned, regrets and woes.

The parting pang more keenly wakes,
Thus moving from that well-known shore;
The spell that charmed the goblet, breaks,
And all the magic sceneis o'er.

Now distant far our journey lies,
Where rude atlantic billows rage;
Where, void of warning, tempests rise,
And elements in war engage.

Adieu, ye mountains of the north,
That swell in majesty serene,
Edina and the beauteous Forth,
With every fondly cherish'd scene.

IMPROMPTU.

Quoth John, "I've a sovereign, I'm not yet so poor,
That's a tale every one cannot tell, I am sure;"
"Oho!" says his friend, "still a great many can,
Search Britain all over, you'll not find a man,
Who, though not possessing one farthing of pelf,
But can boast of a sovereign, as well as yourself."

LINES WRITTEN ON PASSING MALDEN, &c. IN A STEAMBOAT.

Oh! fair shews the river by Malden, 'tis fair
With the spires of Detroit in the sun's setting glare;
How light on the breast of the river the breeze,
On its beautiful banks how imposing the trees.
The colors of Autumn, rich, varying, are seen
In yellow, in umber, and perrenial green;
A comfort beneath them the villas denote,
To the minds of the many who gaze from the boat.
What pleasing transition this contrast can make
From the dreary expanse, and the swell of the lake;
The scene all looks lovely, surveyed from the tide,
But the beauties strike most on the Canada side.
Oh! rich shews the prospect near Malden! 'tis rare,
With the spires of Detroit in the sun's setting glare.

SONG.

What news is this Fame's wafted here,
That put auld Reekie sae asteer;
The tale in sooth sounds wondrous queer,
Sic lagging in the morning.

Heeh, Jamie Forest you maun thole
The jibe 'o mony a waggish soul,
As you stand foremost on the roll
O' snorers that blithe morning.

Leal chanticleer did flap and craw,
The watch dog bayed wi' rousing maw,
Yet you your satellites and a'
Snored heedless on that morning.

Oh! Fye for shame, you werena blate,
To snooze awa' at sic a rate;
While thousands hurried down the gate,
To welcome the Queen that morning.

E'en cripples bauldly forth did sten,
And onward hobbled gouty men;
Rheumatic patients made a fen
To start to their shanks that morning.

It is na' ilka day wot weel,
That Majesty your braes does speel;
I wad hae thought you'd been mair leal
And lively in the morning.

Auld Reekie yill's a heady draught,
Wha tak' at night o'er deep a waught
Nae doubt but Morpheus in his claucht
May haud them fast some morning.

Oh! had the Bard* been to the fore,
Wha matters' sorted weel o' yore,
There hadna' been sic dinsome splore
Anent this drowsy morning.

* The arrangements regarding the landing of His Majesty, King George the IV., on his visit to the Metropolis of Scotland, were formed under the immediate direction of the late Sir Walter Scott.

It was in sooth a flaw and sin,
A British Queen tirl'd at your pin ;
Yet you ne'er budged to let her in !
Oh ! Fye for shame, yon morning.

Now poppy wreathes instead o' bays,
Maun haup your heads through future days ;
And meikle mirth 'mang Scotia's braes,
Be heard o' that blithe morning.

ON LEAVING THE COAST OF SCOTLAND.

Oh ! the Swilkies of Stroma* are dreary to view,
To the Emigrant bidding his country adieu,
Yon bare withering masts † o'er the billows shew drear,
Where the wreck rests beneath, warning dangers lurk near ;
The mist-wreaths of evening the Highlands have dimm'd,
His watch lights the warder already has trimm'd,
The bleak winds blow freshly, the rude billows swell,
And sad hearts are sighing, dear Scotia, farewell !

How varied the feelings of those on the deck,
Some dread the winds rising, the shallows, and wreck,
To the chances of ocean but ill yet resign'd,
The land fast receding, dear friends left behind ;
Whilst others rejoicing new lands soon to hail,
Shew reckless of shallows, of billows, or gale,
On Hope's buoyant pinions fair fancies arise,
Inspired with the prospects of warm enterprise.

* The Isle of Stroma in the Pentland Frith, or rather strait.
† Masts of vessels that have sunk in that hazardous quarter.

It is not the hazards attending the sea,
Wake sorrows uneasy, that sore sadden me,
I've the reeling deck stagger'd, o'er far rougher main,
And I shrink not, I quail not, to meet it again ;
But feelings, affections, strong, suddenly start,
Fair Albin from thee, thus about to depart,
And through each light and shade, fickle fortune may shew,
Thou'lt be nursed in my bosom wherever I go.

THE LAIRD O' COCKPEN.

The times sair were chang'd wi' the Laird o' Cockpen,
His lands frae his grip they were a' like to gae,
Sae what does he do, but bangs up wi' a sten,
And aff to King Charlie at Court hies away.

Whan fortune on him cuist her dark surly scowl,
Whan friendless he wander'd, uncherish'd by men ;
Oh ! whar did he meet sic a kind-hearted soul,
In the days o' his dool, as the Laird o' Cockpen.

Arrived at fair London he sought him in vain,
Nae courtier wad deign there to bid him gae ben,
But tented their suitor wi' cauldrife disdain,
And spurn'd his blunt looks o' the Laird o' Cockpen.

Sair griev'd at his success, he hied to the kirk,
There tented the king, wham he brawly did ken ;
Thinks he, now he'll heed me by dint o' a quirk,
For gleg was the wit o' the Laird o' Cockpen.

Wi' the organist next he made up, and did gain
Permission to play, as his art he did ken;
Ere lang, "Brose and Butter," he bang'd up fu' fain,
And the hale kirk's asteer wi' the Laird o' Cockpen.

The parson stood startled, as ane sair beset;
The clerk what to mak o' the case didna ken;
The lugs o' the audience were mair puzzled yet,
But the king minds wi' glee o' the Laird o' Cockpen.

Whan service was ended the monarch stapt out,
And aff to the organist hasty did sten—
"Who play'd on the organ, inform me thou lout"—
Weel kenn'd he the bald rousing birr o' Cockpen.

"Not I, royal sire," cries the other in dread;
"True, true," quoth the monarch, "that weel do I ken,
Such heavenly strain, sir, ne'er enter'd thy head;
There's none play such airs save the Laird o' Cockpen."

The Laird straight appear'd, whan the king grasp'd his hand,
Cries "frae dancing how hinder'd I downa weel ken;
To that tune aft I've linked in fair Scottish land,
'Neath thy ain friendly roof, my leal-hearted Cockpen."

He tald then his tale, how he'd sought him in vain,
And o' this expedient to catch him let ken,—
The monarch he leugh till he jimp stood alane,
And vowed he wad ever be true to Cockpen.

"Still leeze me upon thee whan fortune did scowl,
Whan chased to the wilds like the roe frae its den;
Oh! whar did I meet sic a kind-hearted soul
In the days o' my dool, as the laird o' Cockpen.

"On your land, to your tune, 'Brose and Butter,' gae dance,
While timber and water are useful to men;
And whan gane, there your heirs may caper and prance;"
Sae hameward rejoicing came witty Cockpen.*

* In the Parish of Cockpen, situated a few miles south of Edinburgh, resided on his paternal estate the Laird of Cockpen. During the troubles of King Charles the Second, His Majesty found a hearty welcome and ready asylum under his hospitable roof. The Laird being of a witty and cheerful disposition, and withal a good musician, used frequently to entertain the King with his favorite Scotch airs, particularly "Gie me love brose and butter." After the restoration of Charles, the Laird became involved in pecuniary embarrassment, and was in danger of losing his estate, which caused him make a journey to London, with the intention of laying his case before the King. On his arrival he found access to royalty not so easily obtained as he had imagined,—his plain appearance, and seemingly uncouth manners, by no means tending to further his introduction to royalty. Disappointed, and not a little chagrined at his reception, he repaired on the following Sunday to Church, where he had the satisfaction of seeing His Majesty, but no opportunity of addressing him. At length a thought struck him of introducing himself as a brother musician to the organist, and through that means, by the introduction of his favorite tune, gain the royal ear, in which project he succeeded to his satisfaction. "L—d, man," exclaimed the king, (taking him by the hand) I dinna ken what kept me frae dancing whan I heard you."

It is sufficient to say, the Laird's mission terminated to his satisfaction, and he returned to Scotland with a Deed from the King, setting forth that the lands of Cockpen were his and his heirs, "as lang as wood grew and water ran." It is comparatively but of late years since these lands removed from the lineal descent of the family.

LINES ADMONITORY TO A FRIEND.

Since you hae vow'd what's in the bottle
Shall never mair gae o'er your throttle,
And fled the gate o' cann and spigot,
'Tis said you've turn'd a perfect bigot;
Wearing a lang lugubrious face,
Walking wi' Pharasaic pace,
Wi' garments lang you love to greet,
And gossip on the market street
Wi' men o' standing, deemed substantial,
And truly look quite consequential.
Being yoursel frae drink exempt,
You look on ithers wi' contempt;
If sae the case, I somewhat grieve
To think you haivens thus would leave—
'Tis not the way to mak amends
By turning tail on former friends—
Let by-gane hours come aft to mind,
And be to charity inclined,
For weel wot I you brawly ken
There's mony social honest men
Wha mense and manners had fu' rife,
That gied and took their dram through life.
Deem not I temperance traduce,
Or frae her precepts wad seduce;
Frae evil habits since you're clear,
Strive a consistent course to steer—
O' self-esteem still hae a care—
Remember Holy Willie's prayer.

THE WOODSMAN.

For a' the city's gaudy glare,
  Kind fortune gie to me
The snug log-house in forest fair,
  Beneath the maple tree,
    Whar the lake in view,
    Wi' its dark deep blue,
  Shews through the opening trees,
    And the wood-axe swings,
    That the chopper flings,
  In the healthy, bracing breeze ;

Some acres whar the rising grain
  Shoots up wi' prospect fair,
A barn to store, whan harvest's o'er,
  And mak ilk comfort mair ;
    Wi' a horse and cow,
    Thriving pigs and sow,
  On the beach a buoyant yawl,
    Wi' a net to fish
    For a special dish,
  And the tak free for the haul.

The feather'd thrang mak music sweet,
  But sweeter notes to me
Is the axe's sound in forest wide,
  And crash of falling tree.
    Caparison'd gay
    Proud the steeds may neigh,
  And chariot attractive seem,
    But to me the sight
    Can yields mair delight
  O' the logging oxen team.

The bushman's lot, devoid o' care,
Surveying his domain,
Wi' ithers placed, excelleth far,
Though humble, 'tis his ain.
In the woods I've seen
What is sought for keen,
Yet fruitless aft the toil—
'Twas the face express
Inward happiness,
And calm contentment's smile.

VERSES.

Oh, charming is the scenery
By the calm Canadian lake,
There the wild deer is roaming
Through the tangling wood and brake.

The woodpecker sae gaudy
Is tapping fair to see,
And the souple squirrel louping
Alert frae tree to tree.

The chipmunk familiar
Is tripping to and fro,
And the apple, plum and philbert
In season gaily shew.

While the strawberry, the bramble,
And hockleberry make
A wildly varied orchard
By the calm Canadian lake.

THE JOLLY CLERK'S ORATION

To his darling morning draught, after a night's carousal.

—

Auld Reekie aye to Fancy dear
For sociality and lear,
For beauty famed, and fallows queer
O' curious knacks,
Though distant, memory brings you near,
And shares your cracks.

—

Hale be his heart wha could contrive
The blessed plunging kirn to drive;
May his descendants ever thrive
Whare'er they be,
And ne'er 'gainst thrawart fortune strive,
The prayer o' me!

Let Robbie Burns o' barley sing,
Yea like an eagle spread his wing,
While drinkers round him form a ring,
Incline their lugs,
The task whilst his the joys to bring,
O' reaming jugs.

But guid sourmilk, my favorite theme,
My thought at night, my morning dream,
Compared wi' thee what's richest cream
Or ony potion,
Whan frae the barrel pours thy stream—
Och! that's the notion!

Congenial draught, awa, awa!
Your soda water, perfect staw!

Frae ginger beer, preserve us a'!
  Sour milk, my darling,
Thou stomach-sheather, king o'er a',
  'Tis thou art sterling.

I've seen firm bods, as red as roses,
Wi' fient ae plook on a' their noses,
Wha took o' thee guid morning doses,
  Though fou at night,
Beam intellect, nae feck that loses,
  Like Phœbus bright.

There's mony a chield now in his grave,
That mot, I think, stenn'd yet fu' brave—
Had he right kenn'd how to behave—
  The poisoner bilk,
By playing ilka morn a shave
  At guid sour milk.

There's some weak stomachs, I allow,
Let Truth and Justice hae their due,
That winna wi' this potion do,
  Puir dwining creatures,
Yet leeze me on the stalwart crew
  O' sturdy natures.

Whan Edinbro' flowers forsake the street,
Their scent whan noses cease to greet,
Whan Phœbus sheds his orient heat
  On slates and spires,
And housemaids blithe start to their feet
  To trim their fires;
While sour milk Jock stands on his cart
Wi' jug in hand, be mine the part

To toom the same wi' joyfu' heart
To a' the dairies;
Long fend the milkmaids frae ilk art
O' witch or fairies.

Thus spoke the Clerk, syne took a waught—
A most unconscionable draught—
His zeal ilk drouthy birkie caught,
That lent a lug,
And crowding round him, made a claucht
To grip the jug.

ON HEARING PLAINTIVE MUSIC AT MIDNIGHT.

'Tis night, and streaked on my bed;
On pillow leans my drowsy head,
The hum o' day entirely fled—
A' still as death—
Unheard around ae mortal tread
Ae stir or breath.

What sudden burst is that I hear?
'Tis minstrelsy salutes mine ear,
Sounds to the stilly night maist dear,
These fond I greet;
The wandering midnight minstrels near—
'Tis heavenly! sweet!

Pathetic swells their plaintive strain,
And to the heart yields pleasing pain;

Erin! the melody's thine ain—
The exile's lay—
Hark! Echo sounds it back again
In mournful play.

Oh! Music, sweetest soother, say,
From heaven how did'st thou find the way?
Did cherubs not invoke thy stay,
Loath ye should part?
Thou passion's wildest force can stay,
And lull the heart.

On days o' yore wha looks can see,
King David paid his court to thee;
The evil spirit aff gaur'd flee—
Saul's mind did warp—
Restor'd the joy-blink to his e'e
Aft wi' his harp.

Shakspeare has made this sage remark,
"Like Erebus, his soul is dark,
Meet for the basest, blackest wark,
Wha loes thee not—
To bring on men and cities cark,
Intrigue, and plot."

Inspired by thee, auld Scotia's Gow
Sae drew wi' birr and feck the bow,
That mony ferlied whence and how
He gat his lear;
His prime strathspeys a' yet do cowe,
To memory dear.

Ye've gane, ye wandering wights, I hear,
Your lessening tones faint touch the ear;
Renew these strains again sae dear,
  Why transient stay?
Like pleasure's smiles, ye but draw near
  To flit away.

TO A YOUNG LADY.*

Beshrew the plague that thus could spoil
  The smoothness of young Mary's face,
And plant its venom'd fangs the while
  Where beauty's witchery all might trace.

By hapless fates who are forgot
  The very best afflictions find,
'Tis ever wise, whate'er our lot,
  If possible, to be resign'd.

Then mourn not, Mary, scorn to fret,
  A greater evil might befall;
You still possess your eyes of jet,
  And elegance of form withal.

Let virtue still your actions guide,
  Your winning manners yet improve,
No former friend will turn aside,
  Nor fond admirer cease to love.

* On hearing her express dissatisfaction at her change of appearance, after recovering from the small pox.

LINES

On being benighted in the woods between Windsor and Tilbury, on the shore of Lake St. Clair.

Oh! gloomy is the dreary night,
The lake is lone, the air is cauld,
The moon and stars shed furth nae light,
And darkness round the woods enfauld.

E'en guid advice had we but ta'en *
Nor been sae headlang and sae bauld
In cozy bield we might hae lain,
Nor wander'd thus frae house and hauld.

The autumn sun, wi' heartening wiles,
Assur'd us that our point we'd gain;
We trusted to his luring smiles,
But find them fause, delusive, vain.

Perchance the prowling wolf's abroad
In quest o' prey, resign'd his lair,
May scare us on our devious road,
His neighbour forrester, the bear.

Heaven fend us frae sic companie,
While thus we trudge wi' weary pace,
I'd rather storm-toss'd on the sea
Be reeling, than in sic a place.

But, truce! a light glents through the mirk,
Hopes low, depress'd, blink up amain,
Now languor lessens, care, and irk,
And on we push wi' spunk again.

* The Author and his companion were advised not to proceed further on their journey, the day being too far gone, and 12 miles to travel ere they reached the next tavern; but they lent a deaf ear to the reasonable advice of their host and hostess, and experienced various unpleasant mishaps for their obstinate temerity.

Sae wanders oft the nighted bark,
Uncertain on some rocky sea,
Till beams the pharos' distant spark,
Consoling to the sailor's e'e.

Ere lang we reach the look'd for ha',
Some kindly Frenchman's sheltering biel,
Wha gie us welcome, ane and a',
And for our state, benighted, feel.

Fresh faggots on the fire they heap
Wi' tenty hand, draw in the chair,
List to our crack till soothing sleep
Divests our minds o' ilka care.

Still leeze me on that sheltering houf,
May benisons rest mony there,
That lodged the travellers, fagg'd and douf,
Whan wandering by the lone St. Clair.

WRITTEN AT SEA.

Far o'er the midnight deep,
Our course the winds mocking,
In vain up each sail we keep,
Tossing and rocking.

The moon with the silent watch
Vigils is keeping,
All underneath the hatch
Soundly are sleeping.

Bright in the hemisphere
  Fair stars are beaming,
And grandly majestic here
  Northern lights streaming.

Lonely the deck I tread,
  Thoughts homeward veering
An emigrant, distant led,
  O'er ocean steering.

Land I have left behind,
  Friends ye are near me,
Ye who were ever kind,
  Your memory can cheer me.

Loves and affections
  Though distance may sever,
With fond recollections
  Stand rooted for ever.

IMITATED FROM THE SWEDISH.

The first glass with joy to my sweetheart I fill,
  The next to my friend I shall drain,
To my king, to my country, the third, with good will
  To empty I shall not refrain.

Then pledge me my friend, be my sentiments thine,
  The patriot, lover, and friend,
Let us empty our cups with a relish divine,
  Since virtue our views must commend.

THE MOON'S O'ER THE LAKE.

The moon's o'er the lake,
And the night's setting in;
The sleigh-bells without,
Hark! mak a jinglin' din;
The stove is fill'd wi' faggots,
And the night is cauld, I wot,
Sae we'll e'en trim the cutty
O'er the wee drappy o't.

Here's luck to the land
O' the mountain and glen,
Though distant in ilk heart
May she aye be farther ben;
May the land o' cakes be never
By ane that's here forgot,
Whar we've a' ance been canty
O'er the wee drappy o't.

A bumper to our Queen
That wons athwart the brine,
Ae acre o' her land
May she never, never tine;
May the hearts that bled to gain it
O' yore, be ne'er forgot,
Then drain to their memory
O'er the wee drappy o't.

TO A FRIEND WHO INTENDED TO REMOVE TO JAMAICA.

You turn to Jamaica, and long to be there
To better your fortune, to lessen your care;
But trust me the prospects that seem to invite,
Are merely delusions, false phantoms in sight.
One side of the picture you dwell on, 'tis clear—
And that over-color'd doth plainly appear;
In Canada's summer, if langour you know,
Say what your condition 'neath that burning glow?
So long that oppresses the Isle you thus prize,
Where health stands precarious, and strength droops
And dies,
Cold Canadian winter impels you, severe,
To fly to worse evils, I doubt much and fear;
Then seek not that Isle in the Carribean sea,
However inviting the prospect may be,
And shun that belief daily growing untrue—
Most men may fall victims, but not so will you.
The stone ever moving no moss will retain,
Redouble your efforts, contented remain
In a clime more congenial with that of your own,
And tempt not another less happily known.
Rich Island! remote in the warm southern brine,
Wealth, beauty, fertility, doubtless are thine;
The revenue's ample that springs from thy gains,
And grand are thy mountains, delightful thy plains;
And rich is the produce that yields forth thy soil,
In kinds multifarious, with moderate toil;
The splendid mahogany, glory of trees,
Takes root in thy woodlands, so prized over seas;

The hard lignumvitæ thrives happily there,
For strength estimated, and durable wear;
The ironwood and logwood so useful in dyes,
With rich brazelleta, and fustic likewise;
The royal pametto, oft noted for height,
The fig-trees luxuriate, the oranges bright;
While cocoa, grape, lemon, the mango and lime,
Spontaneously flourish in thy glowing clime.
Chief care of thy culture, vast source of thy gain,
The fragrant pimento, and rich sugar-cane
Induces the merchant from far to resort
To thy marts, from all countries, intent to import.
For frank hospitality circles thy name,
To liberal endowments too, ample thy claim;
Best side of thy picture already is sketch'd,
And stands not in verity far overstretch'd.
But, hark! from the womb of yon dark thunder-cloud
The voice of dread thunder bursts lengthen'd and loud;
Huge mountains, majestic, reverberate the roar,
As if chaos approach'd, and creation were o'er;
While wild flashing lightning strikes dumb with amaze;
Through scenes dread and lurid incessant it plays;
The rains from their chambers in torrents dash prone;
Huge trees 'neath the force of fierce hurricanes groan;
Small brooks swoll'n to rivers, the rivers to seas,
Sweep down all before them with promptness and ease;
Death rides in the hurly triumphant, and keen
Are the darts from his quiver that shoot through the scene.
Next, hot-burning fevers frail mortals invade,
By airs pestilential, ungenial convey'd.
Oh! where live the pleasures resulting from wealth,
When lacking that treasure, the rose-bloom of health.

Ah! Isle thus unbless'd in the warm southern wave,
Disease haunts thy shores, thou'rt the European's grave;
Thy sons oft, fair Britain, in sorrow declare
Their hopes early blasted in friends that rest there.

ON VIEWING THE COAST OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

Cheer up, my hearts, the gale descends!
Our bellying canvas stiff is sleeping,
Each tall top-gallant mast it bends,
And like a line our course we're keeping.
The wish'd-for Gulph we'll shortly take,
Of thwarting winds no more be thinking;
The famed St. Lawrence River make,
Fresh water soon again be drinking.

Cheer up, the look'd for land we near!
Newfoundland's heights aloft are peering,
While merrily we shoreward bear,
The shrouding haze around us clearing.
We'll shortly turn from salted fare,
We'll bid adieu to storms and tossing,
And breathe far more congenial air
Than that inhaled the Banks while crossing.

A smile of joy lights every face,
The long'd-for land thus gaily viewing,
Those pleasures parted home efface,
Awakening joys seem fresh renewing.
The crowded port, the bustling street,
Quebec, her novelties inviting,
Will be our lot ere long to meet,
With inland charms yet more delighting.

VERSES ON LEAVING SCOTLAND.

" Gae bring to me a pint o' wine"
And I my harp will string,
And bauld invoke the Tunefu' Nine
To aid my tongue to sing;
For I am douf, and sad, and wae
To leave the land sae lang
I fondly cherish'd mony a day,
Dear to my rustic sang.

I mind the time whan Henry's* lays—
The minstrel blind and auld—
Enthusiastic dreams could raise
O' Wallace, wight and bauld,
Wha dauntless strove, nor fear'd mishaps
To lend his country aid,
And faemen snegg'd like thistle taps,
Aft wi' his stalwart blade.†

Rous'd by his single-handed feats
And patriotic flame,
The Scottish youth arose in leets,
Their rallying word his name;
For dearly did they dree the pains
Imposed by tyranny,
Thence vow'd to break despotic chains
And shake their country free.

* Harry, the Minstrel, Sir William Wallace's unwearied biographer,

† Wallace's sword is still to be seen in Dumbarton Castle.
"And the sword that seem'd meet for archangel to wield,
Was light in his terrible hand."—CAMPBELL.

Wi' vengeance fired aboon controul,
  Like tigers fierce they fought,
And gain'd wi' mony a kindred soul,
  The liberties they sought.
The names o' Wallace, Bruce, and Graham,
  Still sacred to the free,
Live bright in Scotia's wreath o' fame,
  New energies to gie.

These energies in modern times
  Repeatedly hae woke
On Egypt's shore, in Indian climes
  Opposing ranks hae broke ;
And at decisive Waterloo,
  Whan carnage floated wide,
The soldier shouted—death in view—
  His country's name wi' pride.

For honour, lear, and virtue famed,
  And morals o' the best,
Aft far remote is Scotia named,
  A paragon confest.
Her institutions formed wi' mense,
  Tend high her sons to raise ;
Her peasants boast intelligence,
  And chaunt their country's praise.

Depicted weel in Allan's lays,*
  The Scottish peasant stands
Superior stamp'd in Virtue's ways,
  And interest deep commands.
And Burns,† the pride o' Kyle and Nith,
  In Nature's sweetest tongue,

* Allan Ramsay's Gentle Shepherd.
† See his Cotter's Saturday Night.

The rural train, wi' native pith,
In artless strains has sung.

Oh, bard! wham genius fond reviews,
By simple nature fired,
To thrill the bosom, and amuse,
Sae happily inspired;
Wharever Scotland's sons may roam,
Is heard thy tunefu' lay
That binds the wanderer's heart to home,
And cheers his devious way.

The wind soughs drear wi' blirty blast,
It gars my heart turn wae;
I mind o' scenes and moments past
O' mony a happy day;
For shortly frae thir scenes, afar
Out on the gurly sea,
I'll thole the blads o' storm and jar,
And mony chances dree.

Whar far St. Lawrence, mighty flood
Joins the Atlantic sea;
Whar Niagara roars like wud,
And faems tumultuously;
Whar spreads the wildering forest dense,
And boundless plains expand,
I follow Fortune's freaks frae hence
To seek a stranger land.

Adieu! the Forth, the Tweed, the Tay,
Fair Albin's classic streams,
And Clyde, that flows by Glasgow gay,
Not last in poets' dreams;

Your cracky carls and gaucie dames,
  Your heights that grandeur gie,
Your sturdy sons that dress the plains,
  And lasses frank and free.

"Gae bring to me a pint o' wine"—
  I'll drink before I gang,
The land that's sacred to the Nine,
  The theme o' mony a sang;
For I am douf, and sad, and wae
  To leave my father's land,
Whar I've been heartsome mony a day,
  Yet wha can fate command!

LINES TO MELANCHOLY.

Sweet melancholy; pensive maid,
That loves beneath the spreading shade,
While Cynthia glitters on the trees,
To recline and list at ease
To the stream that ripples by,
To the wandering night-wind's sigh,
To the howlet's lonely hoot,
To the love-lorn minstrel's flute,
Who the silent listening plain
Woos to hear his midnight strain;
Maiden of the pensive mein,
When the eve-star glitters sheen
In the dimpling streamlet nigh,
Noted but by poet's eye,
When Silence paces o'er the dew,
Oft my court I've pay'd to you.

CANADIAN SUMMER EVENING.

Mark how grand yon orb is shining,
In the glorious west, declining,
Scatter'd clouds of various dyes
Beautify those placid skies;
Lake-tinged islets fancy sees,
Gem'd with groups of purple trees,
To her vision others shew
Tiny mountains clad with snow;
Glowing radiance softly falls
On Toronto's flaky walls,
While the splendid western rays
Brightly on the windows blaze.
Burnish'd gold in all its glare,
With its lustre shuns compare—
Metal roofs that crown the street,
Shew a molten silver sheet.
Mark yon fanes; behold their spires
Lit with glittering, dazzling fires,
Gracing more each charming view
Shews the lake a mirror blue;
Here and there a snowy sail
Vainly spread to catch the gale;
Fragrant sweets the gardens yield,
Clustering trees adorn the field,
Cots and villas scatter'd round,
Beautify the suburb ground;
Cow bell's-tinkle greets the ear
As the homeward herds draw near;

Happy groups the ways are wending,
After day their minds unbending;
Charming calm, the closing day
Of Canadian summer gay.

PHRENOLOGY *versus* PHISIOGNOMY.

Phrenology hath gain'd a wondrous name,
Extoll'd and lauded by the trump of Fame;
Scanning of noddles now becomes the rage,
While grasping profits occupies each sage
More versed in flattery's arts than sterling skill,
Forming vain minds exactly to their will;
With human weakness prone the part to play,
And while the sun shines make aright their hay.

On Phisiognomy my faith rests more;
Some at a glance can character explore,
And disposition of the person trace
From mere expression of the outward face;
Blest with this gift, and in no small degree,
J—ge H—r—n* undoubted seems to be;
The man, in fact, with penetrating eye,
Who can a rogue most accurate descry,
And at a glance define his slippery soul,—
Note his remarks on faithless C—p—l;
A clever sketch he ascertaining drew—
Time and experience prove the portrait true.

* Alluding to some very pertinent, judicious, and prophetic observations made some years ago in Court by this gentleman, on a person of very questionable and dubious veracity.

THE FARMER'S MISCHANCE.

Saddled and bridled
He rode to the Fair,
Braw was he dinked,
Weel sorted his hair;
His cravat was tastefu',
He'd boots to his knee,
His whip shod wi' siller,
Weel mounted was he ;

His bonny wife after him
Look'd frae the stair,
And his worthy auld mither
Frae door wicker chair ;
And mony guid lessons
He gat ere he gaed,
And seem'd as if a'
Close to heart he had laid.

He hecht them ere gloamin'
Her mantle should spread,
He'd snug be beside them,
His horse i' the shed.
The gloamin' o'er nature
Her curtain loot fa',
Nae horse wi' its rider
Cam hoddin' ava.

Night cam, the moon
Glinted light on the lea,
Toom hame cam the saddle,
But back cam na he.

Sair grat his wife,
And his mither grat sair,
Up gat his brither
And sought him wi' care;

Ran to ilk neighbour,
But tidings gat nane,
Dragged the ford,
But grappled in vain.
Sair pass'd the night,
A' was dolor and care,
Hope seem'd extinguish'd,
'Twas close on despair,

Till haply neist morn,
Bairnies fand him I trow
Ayont a dyke-side,
Snoring, blind fou.
Dear for his folly
He had paid the kain,
His watch had decamped,
His purse too had gane.

Ye fell rural bodies,
Whan ye gang to town,
Wi' wat cracky cronies
Ye sudena sit down;
For little ye wit
O' folks pining at hame,
And the sair hearts ye gie
Aft to mither and dame.

ON THE LAMENTABLE ASSASSINATION OF CAPTAIN USHER.

'Mongst friends well able to repel
The rush of ruffian band,
Beneath his mansion roof he fell
By base assassin's hand;
Alas! the villain's aim proved true—
The death-wing'd bullet fatal flew.

Whilst friends confounded at the sight
Stood horror-struck and mute,
Protected by the cloud of night
The wretches shunn'd pursuit;
Thus favor'd in the dastard deed,
These miscreants safety found in speed.

Can there exist a human heart
But this foul deed abhors,
And with resentment beats alert,
And vengeance meet implores
To overtake these villains vile,
Who thus the name of men could soil.

Such, Anarchy! are all thy charms—
The murderer's hand is bared—
A licence given to vicious swarms,
Worth, Virtue, thou ne'er spared;
Who but thy march must execrate,
And view thee with contempt and hate.

SKETCH FROM THE AUTHOR'S JOURNAL ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.

Again the gale increasing stiff descends,
Each stately mast its potent pressure bends;
To strike top gallants is the master's care,
Quick at his word the seamen mount in air;
Reef top-sails next, while through the foam she flies,
Deep grows the trough, more high the furrows rise,
Loud snores the prow, while the huge wave it cleaves,
And to the tops the drenching spray-shower heaves;
Dark clouds descend, the gloomy skys o'ercast,
Shrill through the tackling howls each bending blast;
Waves o'er the bulwarks sweeping, force their way,
And night increasing, only add's dismay;
Sore pitched and toss'd, the passenger's again
Are vexed with sickness and attendant pain;
The timbers creak, which yields the weak affright,
The iron cargo rattles left and right;
Chests from their lashings through the night give way,
From side to side uncheck'd they relling play,
While children weep, fond mothers mournful sigh,
And groans of men at intervals reply.
Thus pass'd the night, till woke the orient dawn,
When this rude turmoil was again withdrawn,
By slow degrees the foaming billows fell,
The ship moves easier, and the sick grow well.

From the same.

Muse; sing the sorrows of a shepherd swain,
His sad mischance narrate in mournful strain,

This sturdy shepherd from the galley bore
A bowl of brose, full, rich, his breakfast store;
An envious billow high the vessel swung,
To keep his feet the shepherd nimbly sprung,
His equilibrium lost, which to regain,
He struggling strove, but strove, alas! in vain.
Flap on his back the luckless sinner fell,
Crash went the bowl, and soused him wondrous well,
His clothes belagger'd with the reeking brose,
Scalded to boot, whilst shouts of laughter rose;
E'en females too, more prone to sympathize,
Laugh at his plight, till tears bedim their eyes.
The loss of fortune makes some men complain,
The loss of friends, and efforts used in vain,
These sympathy from spirits kind receive,
Their griefs that lessen and their minds relieve;
But this poor shepherd, by that luckless fall,
No consolation found in friends at all.

From the same.

On deck each Sabbath was a sermon given,
Impressing duties that we owe to heaven;
Methink that scene imposing still, and fair,
The passengers all congregated there;
Respectful too the seamen take their stand,
The sacred volume occupies each hand.
Wrapt in his southland maud, the sober sage
Attentive listens o'er the hallow'd page;
Around him group'd his family neat and clean,
In shewy tartans too the gael is seen;

Young men and maids respectfully attired,
And with the service seemingly inspired,
Devoutly listening to the preacher's strain,
Even little children order good sustain;
The poop our pulpit, and our roof the skies,
While all around a boundless ocean lies;
Grateful the music sweet in simple lays,
Rose hymns appropriate to our Maker's praise.
How interesting seem'd this little band,
Secluded, journeying to a distant land;
Their praise united offering to that guide
Whose awful nod commands the raging tide,
And whose dread presence is forevermore,
The same at sea, alike on every shore.

From the same.

Sure signs of land we now at length descry,
Staves, lumber, grasses, float incessant by,
Bushes with berries too of scarlet dye;
The land-bird's flight we mark distinct and clear,
All striking tokens that the land is near;
Such signs Columbus ascertain'd of yore,
When western world drew near his daring prore,
Allay'd the tremors of his stubborn crew,
And cheer'd their spirits with fair prospects new—
Made all allow they had been ill advised,
And proud, caress their Chief, so late despised.
All start alert the look'd-for scene to hail,
False clouds for capes still oftentimes prevail;

The land at length proclaims a joyful shout,
And land it proves without a shade of doubt;
The decks are crowded to survey the sight,
The sick and heartless now deem all is right.
The lofty shore our bounding vessel nears—
Stands off again—the landward tempest fears;
Thus some few days we toss about at sea,
Till far Cape Ray erects its form to lee.
The wish'd-for Gulph at length we haply gain—
Strong blows the wind, high swells the foaming main;
Full on our canvas pours the favoring gale,
Strains every brace, and swells each lofty sail;
Ere yet Cape Gaspe far ahead we near,
A pilot's sail we mark towards us steer;
As night's dark curtain o'er the scene is lower'd,
To guide the ship this pilot comes on board.
Precarious all the navigation here,
Storms, rocks and shoals the mariner must fear,
These skilful pilots, steady and alert,
Are in their calling practised and expert.

Thus, some lone traveller nighted and astray,
In doubt, with caution gropes his devious way,
The quagmire dreading, or some pitfall steep,
The wild wolf prowling, or the river's sweep—
Meets, unexpected, with a friend and guide,
Who all his terrors turns at once aside,
Conducts him straightway in the path aright,
And all his doubtings puts for good to flight.

From the same.

Loud roars the stormy cheerless night,
The heavens emit no ray of light,
In torrents pours the lashing rain,
Prone on the deck it sounds amain ;
To furl the sails the seamen hie,
Aloft they thundering flounce and fly,
While labouring wild the vessel reels,
'Till dropt her anchor, round she wheels,
Its ponderous claw the bottom held,
Secure she rode, each rush repell'd.
The morning breaks, the rains subside,
And winds that chafed the rushing tide,
On either side starts scenery new,
As night-nursed vapours fleet withdrew,
And now the voyagers gain that shore,
Grosse Isle, so many still deplore,
Where late, spread fell contagion's breath,
Shedding around disease and death ;
Here many hearts were wrung with woe,
For dearest friends laid ever low,
Parents from helpless children torn,
And husbands left their wives to mourn ;
Fraternal feelings tortured sore,
And hopes depress'd to rise no more,
The willow in accordance waves
All mournful near their lowly graves.
The agonizing tales we hear
Of woes domestic, sad, severe,
Awake our sympathies sincere.
Muse, quit the scene, the theme forego,
Nor dwell fastidiously on woe.

The bonnet plumed, well pleased we view
Our countrymen 'mid scenery new,
As warders of the Isle, they stand,
The Highlanders,* known to each land
Where Britains distant thunders roar,
America or India's shore;
Alike to them, at duty's call,
Each land on the terrestrial ball,
From temperate Caledonia's strand
To Afric's parch'd and burning sand.
Soft breezes fan the river's breast,
Autumnal charms the woods invest,
The cherries, clustering wild, survey,
Bright, shining on the pending spray
While berries rare attract the eye,
Of pleasing zest and varied dye—
Pleasing transition from the state
Experienc'd by us all of late.

From the same.

Soft steals the nightfall, the bright orb of day
To other scenes has wheel'd his glorious way,
Fair in the bosom of the stilly stream
The stars inverted bright as diamonds beam,
The woods on shore a gloomy grandeur cast,
Hush'd every breeze, no wandering breath steals past,
Devotional the boatmen's vespers wake,
And the attention of the travellers take,
Grateful their anthem to the ear of night,
The calm, soft scene, conducing to delight.

* A party of the 79th Highlanders were doing duty on Grosse Isle at this period.

RIPENING AUTUMN NOW IS GANE

Ripening Autumn now is gane,
Winter scowls alang the plain,
Silent is the lintie's strain
That join'd the laverock's lay.
Cauld the nipping blast does blaw,
Rustling leaves in clusters fa',
On Pentland hills the wreathes o' snaw
Mak' Nature's face look wae.

Nae mair the heartsome blackbird's lays
Are warbled 'mang the leafy sprays
That deck'd the wild romantic braes
O' charming Hawthornden;
But whan the pale moon, floating high,
Keeks through the clouds that shade the sky,
Is heard the howlet's eldritch cry
Frae Roslin's lanely glen.

And soon will light the flaky snaw,
Come binding frost and blashy thaw,
And wintry tempests bending blaw,
And sombre clouds shed gloom;
Till Spring, wi' smiles, returns again,
Reviving hill, and dell, and plain;
But ah! to my loved friend in vain,
Who fills the silent tomb.

How alter'd looks ilk scene, and chang'd,
Familiar prospects seem estranged,
The fields and woods we aft hae rang'd
A mournfu' aspect wear;

'Tis sorrow doth the change impart,
Her sombre shades surround the heart,
While busy memory many a dart
Implants, wi' pangs severe.

THE HIGHLANDER AND GROCER.

If ilka tale that's tald be true,
This ane amang the lave may do.

During the Hallow Fair, one day,
Some creditable people say,
Whose words 'twere sin to doubt,
A grocer by his counter side
Most busily his hands applied,
And bustling, served things out.

When, lo! 'mongst customers a crowd,
A highland voice exclaim'd aloud
"Fill out a tram to me!"
Straight to a shelf the grocer flew,
And from a greybeard forthwith drew
What Donald wish'd to see.

He seiz'd the liquor, gulp'd it o'er,
Paid down the cost, then sought the door,
And vanish'd like a ghost;
Few minutes scarcely had he gone,
When, starting with a grievous groan,
The grocer fled his post.

And stamping, bawling in despair,
He smote his breast and tore his hair,
Swearing he was undone;
"That highlander," cries he, "I've kill'd—
'Tis vitriol out for him I've fill'd,
He's dead as sure's a gun.

"Good Heaven!" the wretched man exclaim'd,
"For poisoning people I'll be blam'd,
And hang'd for aught I know,"
Then on the counter thump'd his head,
And wished himself amongst the dead,
So frantic was his woe.

The customers his griefs partook,
Some with all speed the shop forsook,
And after Donald ran;
But fruitless prov'd the search, and vain,
Yea every effort to regain
The hapless poison'd man.

Time, who the edge from all things takes,
The grocer's woe less pungent makes,
Though many a dismal night
He pass'd, 'mid scenes of horrid dread,
While stretch'd he lay upon his bed,
Plagued by the dead man's sprite.

At length comes Hallow Fair again,
And many a cattle-driving swain,
From hills benorth the Tay,
The grocer, busy as before,
Sees Donald pop within the door,
And nearly swoons away.

Till close inspection told him plain,
'Twas Donald, flesh and blood again,
And blooming like a rose,
Not one whit worse, as will appear,
From that hot dram he drank last year,—
That horrid vitriol doze.

"Goot tay, goot tay, auld frient!" quoth he,
"Anoter tram fill out for me,
And now, my man, pe shore
To tak it frae ta verra cann
Tat used upon the skelf to stan,
Ta same she gat pefore.

"For never tram sin' she's peen porn,
Frae lalland glass or heeland horn,
She's got like yours, I tell ye!
None tit her e'er sae muckle guid,
Or greed sae prawly wi' her pluid—
Yon warms paith preast and pelly!"

From this our tale, it seems right plain,
To cope with highlandmen were vain,
In swilling aquaviti;
As Britain's foes on battle-field,
With as much ease they'd cause to yield
The topers of the city.

ADIEU TO THEE QUEENSFERRY.

Adieu to thee Queensferry!
Endear'd by life's awakening day,
No longer can I tarry,
To distant lands I haste away;
With pensive gaze I ponder
On scenes that never can return,
Recall'd ere yet we sunder,
To memory by this short sojourn.

Companions of my childhood,
Dispers'd and dead, no more I see,
Who roved with me the wildwood,
And careless, nesting, climb'd the tree;
Yon castle shews a ruin,
Delapidated and defaced,
Change many scenes undoing,
Methought stability embraced.

I mark the homes that shielded
Friends of my bosom, now no more,
Who bustling life have yielded,
Departed, pass'd, and gone before;
While those in manhood's vigour
Have sunk into declining years,
Or droop, neath Age's rigour,
How alter'd all to me appears.

Now fond regrets suppressing,
Awaken'd by these scenes in view,

A tear my heart expressing,
Starts, tribute to this long adieu ;
Farewell to thee Queensferry !
Endear'd by life's awakening day,
Why longer should I tarry
Since former friends have pass'd away.

LINES.*

Young Sambo, seize that treasure fast,
Nor quit it to the very last,
In spite of each opposing bristle,
'Tis Freedom's consecrated Thistle ;
Unwearied pay your court thereto,
And worship with devotion due ;
'Tis Liberty, the gem make sure—
A gem not easy to secure—
Yielding a bliss, for which, with pain,
Your people oft have sigh'd in vain ;
Now brighter views before them rise,
The gloom that overhung them flies,
Your emblematic treasure prize,
Exulting bear it to your race,
And learn its sterling worth to trace.

* On seeing a little boy of color perseveringly uprooting a Scotch Thistle, which, in spite of its offensive prickles, he carried off with much apparent satisfaction.

FRAGMENT,

Descriptive of a Scotch Annual Country Fair.

—

Sic fallows Christ Kirk coudna peer,
Nor Peebles at the play,
Nor Falkland at a feast come near,
For a' that bards may say.*

—

George Sharp and Davie Sutherland,
Behold, official come,
Proclaiming loud on either hand,
Exordium rowl o' drum;
Light-footed laddies haste ye here
And book for hose and shoon,
The foot-race champion's heart to cheer,
And haud his head aboon
For year and day.

A souple ginge'-bread baxter chiel
Wi' that his jacket flang,
A country loon turn'd on his heel
To strip, he wasna lang.
Anither chiel, I watna wha,
Design'd to mak a leg,
And for the fourth, preserve us a',
Our friend, blithe Willie Greig!†
Wi' spunk that day.

Awa they sprang wi' sic a bout,
The like was rarely seen,

*Alluding to these humorous pieces written by King James I.
†A humorous natural.

While lookers-on raised dinsome shout
And follow'd wi' their e'en.
A weary gate they had to link
Ere yet the stoop they turn'd,
Swith Willie took a wiley blink,
To win the race he burn'd
And green'd that day.

Beyond the haugh whar spread the trees
He darn'd himsel' fu' slee
To draw his breath, his shanks to ease,
Thought nane his pranks could see.
The stoop his rivals turn'd wi' birr,
And hove again in sight,
Syne Wille gae his heels the spur
And took ance mair to flight
In front that day.

Yet weel wat I, for a' his pranks
They gain'd upon him fast,
Though weel he wapp'd baith arms and shanks
He still was left the last.
His roguery wak'd gaffaws o' glee
That vexed him wondrous sair,
Some jeering chiels sic wipes did gie,
Their gabs they didna spare,
Sae droll that day.

The ginge'-bread baxter gain'd the goal,
Baith yawl and swank was he,
He left behind, wi' ease, the whole,
And bravely bore the gree.
"A strappin' chiel!" a wife exclaim'd,
"Weel wordie o' his fee;"

"I've seen the day," a carl maintain'd,
"He couldna link wi' me,
For a' this din."

The wheel o' fortune now gangs round,
And laddies stake their plack,
Some gain what wauks a blithesome sound,
And some are on the rack.
'Twas Ritchie Campbell, if I'm right,
O' haivens was sae bare,
He play'd, some said, through perfect spite,
Till he was roupit fair
By loons that day.

Now, hark, the dunting drum again,
Tent how the bodies crowd,
The horse-race is announc'd amain
Wi' glee and shouting loud;
Swith east the town the burachs hie,
And eager tak their stand,
On the brae-face, wi' looks o' joy,
They're ranged on ilka hand
In heaps that day.

M'Arthur 'twas, a shepherd chiel,
That mounted wi' a bound,
A buirdly man he was, wot weel
His horse did curvet round.
Tam Barry swore a pithy aith,
Led Charlie frae the staw,
Maintain'd his spunk wad gie them graith,
And war them ane and a'
Fu' swank that day.

But Andrew Joiner louder bann'd,
And heaved his nieve fu' hie,
His naig wi' proper rider mann'd,
He swore wad bear the gree.
The cavalcade in line were placed,
The starting signal gi'en,
Whan aff they flew in fearfu' haste,
Like flight o' arrows keen,
I trow that day.

A dame begoud to shake her head,
And mony a grane gae she,
"I fear this sight will be my dead,
That I this day sude see!
My laddie mounted on a hack,
And acting sic a part,
Wha kens but he may break his neck,
Which shune wad break my heart
In dool some day.

"I'll faint wi' perfect fear," she cries,
"I'm fairly down wi' grief,
I'm downright dizzy wi' surprise,
Oh! yield me some relief."
A gaucie wife swith linked aff,
She kenn'd 'twas a' a sham,
And brought her what she green'd to quaff,
A guid substantial dram,
Her cure that day.

Now in the racers come wi' birr,
They spend wi' might and main,
Syne turn the stoop wi' sic a whirr,
And sally furth again.

The judges' gabs they gang sae fast,
Some weighty bets they gie
On wha will gain the heat at last,
And carry aff the gree
Wi' ease that day.

The last heat 'tis we now behold,
The shepherd leads the van,
His charger bounds wi' spirit bold,
M'Arthur is the man;
He's flung them 'yond his hurdies far,
"Well done, my buck!" 's the cry,
He waves his hand like Chief in war,
And shouts exultingly
Fu' crouse that day.

But edging round wi' curious face
His rivals' state to see,
He gar'd onlookers skirl alace!
To mark his misery.
Hurl'd frae the pinnacle o' fame,
Baith horse and rider fell
'Mid shrieks o' mony a lass and dame,
His plight what Muse can tell
Sae sad that day.

Heavens! 'twas a dread wanchancie sight,
As man mot wish to see,
A man and horse in sic a plight
Brought down sae suddenly;
While lasses screech'd, wives wept and skirl'd
To aid men souply ran—

Some graned, wha placks had on him birl'd,
The race his rival wan
Wi' ease that day.

John Maxwell was the man, I mind,
Cried "back and gie him breath,"
Syne gripped men wi' purpose kind
And swore they'd be his death.
To crowd in sic a menseless way,
They coudna weel behave,
"Ye little ken," he skirl'd, "I say,
How near he's to his grave,—
Bide back this day!"

Hech! wae's me for the shepherd bald,
His was a hapless plight,
He'd better been ayont the fauld,
Nae dance for him this night.
Wives maned and sigh'd, men bore him aff,
He drooped sair his wing,
A month thereafter and a half
I saw his arm in sling,
I mind ae day.

Some were sae menseless and sae rude
As swear at his mischance,
Wha on him bet were perfect wud,
Some did wi' anger dance;
While ithers warm did sympathise,
Dissatisfaction hain'd,
Expressing wonder and surprise
The shepherd wasna baned
Outright that day.

Some said a boat-race was to start
And for the Lang-craig bear,
A bruit, I mind, that joy'd my heart—
I lo'ed the pastime dear;
Howe'er the rumour died awa',
The cause I dinna ken,
Fish Willie and Gilbraith, the twa,
Were mark'd as special men
To book that day.

Fair fa' their hearts, wha were sae leal
As ccft the muckle cheese,
Amaist as big's a chaise fore wheel,
To gie our sports a heeze;
Up the sheep-park in thrangs they speed,
A' bent on special fun,
Some shaw an unco heart o' greed,
To tent the prize they run
Fu' keen that day.

The Judge exclaims, "I warn you a',
And let you hear, to wit,
Wha grips this chese within his paw,
For guid the same shall get;
That is, before it reach the dyke
Direct beneath the brae,"
Sae aff it wheels wi' little fyke,
To grip it a' essay
Fu' gleg that day.

Yet safe us a', it was nae mows,
Wi' sic a prize to padge,
The bauldest heart its fury cows,
What arm mot ken its gadge;

A half daft creature made a claucht,
To grip it was his aim,
He'd better been in bluidy faught,
Sae sair it rack'd his wame
I trow that day.

Jock Carr, a sturdy ploughman chiel,
Frae Echland town came he,
Although for that he coup'd the creel,
Seized on it bodily;
But there were siccan rives and rugs
Ere he could bear it aff,
E'en pu'ing at ilk ither's lugs,
Some ettled nieve and staff
In wrath that day.

It was the fear o' mony folk
That cracked pows had been,
That man and man in strife wad yoke
And strive in brulzie keen;
For Ferry chaps, whan fairly het
Were no that quietly quell'd,
The Echland loons whan to't they set,
Not easy were repell'd
On ony day.

Wi' weel-timed words, some sages wise,
Stapt in to quell the fray,
To peace and friendship did advise
And turn'd fierce wrath away;
Yet coats were cuist, and grips were gi'en,
Some ruffles gat a screed,
Whilk wives wad tent wi' woefu e'en,
Whan Sunday sarks they'd heed
And dress some day.

Mild gloamin shades begin to draw,
Day's far on the decline,
The braid moon, fair, her face does shaw
Aboon the glassy brine;
And silvery glenting on the trees
In Antumn's earliest dress,
Still tends assembled groups to please,
Nor maks their pleasures less
This gleesome night.

Now as toward the town they hie,
Occurs an ugly job,
A colyshangie some descry
'Twixt ane and little Rob;
His rival, Davie Tod, insooth,
A better flesh ne'er born,
This comes, I fear, o' quenching drouth,
They've surely toom'd the horn
O'er free this night.

Be't as it will, sic yerks were gi'en,
As mony men amazed,
I fear'd there wad been blinded e'en
Sic deadly neives were raised;
They flew to ane anither's claucht
And warstled wi' sic wraith,
Some tailors leugh to see the faught,
And tent some guid braid claith
In shreds that night.

"Shame fa' sic wark!" a wife exclaim'd,
"Fye', quell thir doings here,
Twa lads for mischief ne'er yet blamed,
Respected far and near;"

"The mair the variorum, Sirs!"
A waggish fellow cries,
"Stick at it teughly! shaw your birss!"
Ilk warstler sturdier vies
In wrath that night.

E'en Humphry and Mendoza ne'er
'Mid deadly dunts did revel,
As thir twa lads, in wrath severe,
Ilk ither's sides did devel;
Had folks no sunder'd them at last,
The skaith 'twere ill to know,
'Twas said commencement o' the blast
Were words anent a jo
In spite that day.

IMPROMPTU.*

For Scotland's sake, Sir,
If not for your own,
Let such assertion
Never more be known!

Or every real Scot, Sir,
To be brief,
Will be accounted
Both a rogue and th—f.

* On hearing a very questionable person maintaining with a provoking pertinacity that he was a real Scotchman.

AN AULD SCOTCH WIFE'S REFLECTIONS ON AMERICAN TEA-MAKING.

Oh wad the lasses in this land,
To mask the tea right understand,
And mak it somewhat like the kind
That Scotland aften brings to mind;
Sic as a head that's pain'd can ease,
The spirits raise, the palate please;
What's mair, possess the happy knack
O' waukening up a social crack.

The first cup here can jimply pass—
The next ane comes, alas, alas!
But o' the third, what shall I say?
Sae weak, sae watery, wearsh and blae;
I dinna like to raise a clatter,
But blashing, jauping up wi' water
Is no the thing—it sudna be—
And ill agrees wi' mair than me.

It bangs the body fu' o' wind,
And really disconcerts the mind;
It gars us sigh, and gape, and gaunt,
As if we felt some unco want;
And sude we grane, 'tis a' a sham,
A hint to cure it wi' a dram.
I'll haud my whiest, I'll say nae mair,
Lest some sude tak my lecture sair;
Yet trust ilk sprig frae the auld stock
Wi' thir strange fashions winna yoke,
But mask sic tea to please the wame,
Just as their grannies preed at hame;

And haud in mind, 'tis maist genteel
To sugar and to milk it weel;
And on this rule especial rest,
The latest cup sude stand the test;
Ne'er hain the cost—folk may do worse—
For tea like water is a curse;
It really ruffles up my passion
To meet sae aft this foreign fashion;
'Mang folk wha sude ken better things
This mony a sair reflection brings,
Then shun this sensless innovation,
Espouse it not, 'tis degredation,
And trust to those wha ken the matter,
The stronger tea is mask'd the better;
And frae the same I'll gie my aith,
The bloom o' health will ne'er tak' skaith.
While frae that warm, weak, blashy bree,
E'en mony a pale-faced lass we see;
And lads are aft, for stamach's sake,
Compell'd a settling dram to take,
Which now a days ranks sair transgression,
For which they maun mak due confession
Or get their bitters, as they say,
In many a strange newfangled way;
The case wi' auld folk's yet mair shocking,
They scarce can bide frae perfect bocking,—
A' this is truth, awa' wi' joking;
Now I shall whiest, and calm my sough,
Maist fock may think I've said enough.

VERSES*

The woods that skirt the Ottawa,
In Autumn's robes were seen,
Contrasting with her curling waves
Of bright transparent green;

The Steamboat swiftly upward bore,
And stemm'd the current strong,
Lash'd to her side, our bateau, too,
Shot rapidly along.

A youth was on the gunwale seen,
To leap on board design'd,
The bound he made, a moment view'd,
Next to the deep consign'd.

Again he to the surface mounts,
And buffets with the wave,
Haste! stop the engine, lower the boat,
Use every means to save!

Now wide, wide spreads the space between
The hopeless victim left,
Haste! boatmen, ply your oars, and save,
Ere yet of life bereft!

* A melancholy accident that occurred on board a steamboat on the river Ottawa, which the author witnessed, occasioned the following verses. A fine young man in attempting to leap from the steamboat to the bateau in tow alongside, missed his footing, and though a good swimmer, from the time that elapsed ere the engine could be stopped and a boat lowered and manned, sunk to rise no more.

The boat is lower'd, the oars applied,
Applied, alas! too late,
All of him seen now disappears,
Decided is his fate.

How liable are we to resign
Each moment up our breath,
How truly said, there's but a step
Between this life and death.

A striking lesson to us all,
This stranger's sudden fate,
If possible, to be prepared
Aye for a future state.

TO A FRIEND ON HIS LEAVING CANADA.

The Scottish Muse seems sweer to draw,
Sae far frae her ain hills awa';
The carlin's drone is stiff to blaw,
Yet never heed,
I shall attempt a verse or twa'
In hamely weed.

Oh! for a spark o' Robbie's fire,
To gar me sweep wi' birr the lyre,
And splatter on through dub and mire
On auld Pegassus,
Mounting the brae aye high and higher
O' steep Parnassus.

E'en then C——, fare you weel,
Since you maun gae, my honest chiel,
Heaven help you aye life's hill to speel
Wi' wean and wife,
And send you friends, baith kind and leal,
To latest life.

Whether Ohio's banks you stray,
Or tak' to Illinois the way,
Or to Kentucky, let me say,
Bless'd be your fa',
The mair the pity you sude gae
Frae here ava.

Had fortune ta'en some plodding drone
Guid nat'ral gifts possessing none,
Wi' heed o' mud and heart o' stone,
Sour and contracted,
For him the Muse wad mak nae moan,
Nor droop dejected.

If sic a chield awa she'd ta'en,
As said, the Muse wad mak' nae mane,
Nor dowie seek the spence alane
In dool and grief,
To woo the bosom-soothing strain
For mind's relief.

To banishment, haste flattery gang,
Deceit and fawning tak' alang,
My aith I'll gie, by my best sang,
It pains my heart,
Wi' you C——, ken'd sae lang,
This way to part.

Life is a thorny road at best,
Encounter'd on it mony a pest,
We aft are jostled and harass'd,
  View prospects dreary,
Sair gi'en to pine wi' cares distress'd,
  Aft worn and weary ;

Yet Hope, the star that brilliant shines
To lighten up the heart that pines,
The willing mind to help inclines
  Through mony a strait,
And dool and hardship aften lines
  Wi' wit the pate.

Upon these times I needna preach,
That in these parts mak' mony a breach,
And tak' a wide and sweeping stretch
  Athort the lan',
Seeming discord and strife to teach
  'Twix't man and man.

Whan party-spirit dies awa',
And swelling waves o' discord fa'—
Whan unity to ane and a'
  Comes linkin' back—
I hope to see you hither draw
  And hear your crack.

Where'er you rest, where'er you wend,
To Prudence dictates aye attend,
Frae independence never bend,
  Woo judgment clear,—
Mind the best book to learn is men,
  The wale o' lear.

True love o' country nurse at heart,
  However fate and distance part,
Ne'er let affection dwine inert
  While you're on yirth,
But cling toward that land alert
  That gae you birth.

Whan you at yonder city ca',
  Your pen I hope you furth will draw,
And send at least a line or twa
  To let us ken
What kind o' place it is ava,
  And how you fen.

Adieu, my honest chiel again!
  Heaven spare you lang wi' wife and wean,
Granting sound health to ilka ane,
  Guid luck ne'er swervin'—
My ardent wish, whilst I remain
  Your faithfu' servan'!

PARAPHRASED FROM OSSIAN.

On Morven's side, as roars the storm
  By hundred whirlwinds driven,
As streams rush from an hundred hills,
  As clouds shoot wild through heaven;
Or as dark ocean's waves assault
  The sounding desart shore,
So noisy, vast, and terrible,
  The mingling armies roar.

The groans of warriors spread afar
Like thunder of the night,
When clouds o'er Cona burst around,
Torn in the tempest's might.

Fingal, all terrible, rush'd on,
Its Trenmor's spirit dread,
To see the children of his pride
When on the whirlwind sped;

The oaks high on their hills resound,
Before him rocks decay,
Bloody my father's hand in war,
When fierce he hew'd his way.

The battles of youth recur,
Impetuous wakes his force;
Fire flash his eyes, the field o'war
Is wasted in his course.

Like Flash of fire went Rhino on,
Dark is the brow of Gaul;
Fergus rush'd on with feet of wind,
Fillan like mist-wreath tall.

Myself like to a rock came down
Exulting in the King,
Destruction hurried from mine arm,
Death round me spread his wing;

My locks were then not grey with age,
Each scene mine eye would trace,
My feet elastic owned command;
Nor failed me in the race.

ON VIEWING AN EMIGRANT'S GRAVE IN THE BUSH.

Far frae the land whar his fathers lig
O'er the braid Atlantic sea,
By his lanely bed the howlets big
In the towering forest tree.

Nae village bells their vespers ring
Near his drear deserted grave,
But wailing winds his requiem sing
And the tempests round him rave.

The weary traveller wending by,
Draws up at the eirie spot,
He thinks, and the thought brings furth a sigh,
Like him he may lig forgot.

He dreams o' the land he has left behind,
Wi' a heart forlorn and wae,
And he langs wi' the sorrows o' life resigned,
To mix wi' his kindred's clay.

SONG.

AIR—"What ails this heart o' mine."

I loe thy artless smile,
Sae open kind and free,
I loe the rose bloom o' thy cheek
And laughing hazel e'e ;

Thy tresses that surpass
The raven's wing in hue,
Mair sweet the music o' thy voice
Than music's sel' I trow.

Frae ilka tempting snare
May's thou protected be.
Not that I think there's ought that's wrang
Can tempng prove to thee.

Oh, woman! lovliest flower,
Adorning Nature's field
Wi' beauty, innocence, and truth
Ilk charm to thee maun yield.

VERSES.*

Thrice welcome hail the song of Spring,
What choiresters are these that sing—
Musicians strange they be ?
The tiny, brisk, Canadian band,
Piping aloud on every hand
Their thrilling notes of glee.

Heralds unseen, to nature dear,
Proclaiming Summer's presence near
With renovated charms,
Awakened from their wintry sleep,
In extacies to life they leap
And pipe in countless swarms.

* On hearing the musical pipings of that tiny choir designated the Canadian band.

To imitate the warbling train,
The tallest trees they mount amain
  Asserting bold their claim,
To cheer with song the woods and bowers,
As harbingers of bees and flowers,
  Despite their humble name.

Yet how unlike the feather'd throng
That perch the opening buds among
  In Britain's happier clime,
Pouring their sweet, melodious lays,
With warbling throats to nature's praise,
  In energies sublime.

Still sweet the song that ushers spring,
Though tiny toads presiding sing,
  Their music joy conveys,
Such were his thoughts, when first the bard
This merry vernal concert heard,
  Enveloped in amaze.

From habit more he loves to greet
Their annual concert, turned a treat
  Their sharp shrill pipings clear ;
Like Hope they sing of better days,
A song that tends the mind to raise,
  To elevate and cheer.

LINES.

A charm owns that table a pleasure, the hearth,
Round which clubb'd the circle of friendship and mirth ;
Though the smiles of the stranger may bright on us beam,
Yet they bear not that charm in fair memory's dream.

Some moments endearing, some hours of delight,
With home still connected will flash on us bright,
And force from the bosom howe'er bent to roam,
A throb of regret, still a fond sigh for home.

For times and for seasons oblivious the past,
Obscured by life's jostlings aside may be cast,
And faces, and forms, long familiar dim show,
To wake but to memory in more brilliant glow.

Oh! grant me, ye powers, yet wherever I roam,
The prospect again to revisit my home,
As free from alloy, all those pleasures to share,
That morning and evening once waited me there.

BALLAD—SHANNON AND CHESAPEAKE.

Our gallant Frigate Shannon,
Still cruised in Boston Bay,
Resolved to make, if possible,
The Chesapeake a prey;
Close into Boston lighthouse
Indignantly we bore,
Our British colours rearing proud,
Which thousands viewed on shore.

Brave Lawrence of the Chesapeake,
No longer could contain,
He weighed his anchor, hoisted sail,
And on us bore amain!
'Twas Post Meridian, after five,
When woke their first broadside,
And soon, too soon in crimson hue
Was tinged the briny tide.

Three dreadful broadsides were exchanged,
When crash on board they came,
The rigging of each ship fast locked
Did other warfare claim;
Our brave Commander gave the word,
With all despatch to board,
When straightway on their decks we rush'd
With boarding pike and sword.

With blade in hand he led us on,
Soon to the briny flood
Their scuppers, dreadful to relate,
Poured streams of valiant blood;
Too sharp the deadly work to last,
Soon o'er each stripe and star
The British Union proudly waved,
Invincible in war!

Alas! our brave Lieutenant Watt,
A random shot laid low,
Whilst in the act of hauling down
The colors of the foe;
With three and twenty gallant hearts
Of our brave crew he fell,
While fifty-six sore wounded live
That deadly brush to tell.

Brave Laurence of the Chesapeake,
With forty-seven was slain,
And ninety-three, too, wounded deep,
Who strove with us in vain;
To Halifax we bore our prize,
Where hundreds curious crowd,
To view brave Lawrence's body wound
Within a warrior's shroud.

The colors of his gallant ship
In which he fought and fell,
We made for him a winding sheet,
The cannon's roar his knell ;
For British hearts though terrible
When war's fierce thunders rave,
Those honors ne'er withhold that's due
Unto the vanquished brave.

NOTE.—"Captain Broke, of the Shannon, had been cruising in the Bay of Boston, in company with the Tenedos, watching the Chesapeake ; but as it would have been madness to have encountered such an overwhelming superiority, the American had declined the contest for some months, when the British commander, in order to induce the enemy to come out, directed the Tenedos to cruise at a distance from the coast, and not to rejoin him within a month, and in order to inform Captain Lawrence of the circumstance, as soon as his consort had left him, Captain Broke stood close into the Boston Light-house and hoisted British colors. Captain Lawrence did not now hesitate to accept the challenge, and at midday on the first of June the Chesapeake weighed anchor and stood out of the harbor. About twenty minutes after five o'clock the two Frigates were within musket-shot of each other, and in five minutes after the battle began ; they had only exchanged two or three broadsides when the enemy's ship fell on board the Shannon, and their rigging became locked. Captain Broke then instantly gave the word for boarding, and placing himself at the head of his boarders, they rushed on the decks of the Chesapeake, and in less than five minutes the union flag of the British waved over the stripes and stars of his opponent. The whole action, from its commencement, lasted only fifteen minutes, and it was doubly gratifying to the conquerors, as being fought in sight of the enemy's own shore, which was crowded with thousands of spectators to witness another American naval triumph ; and so little did the Bostonians doubt the return of the Chesapeake with her adversary in tow, that they had prepared a public dinner for the conqueror."

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